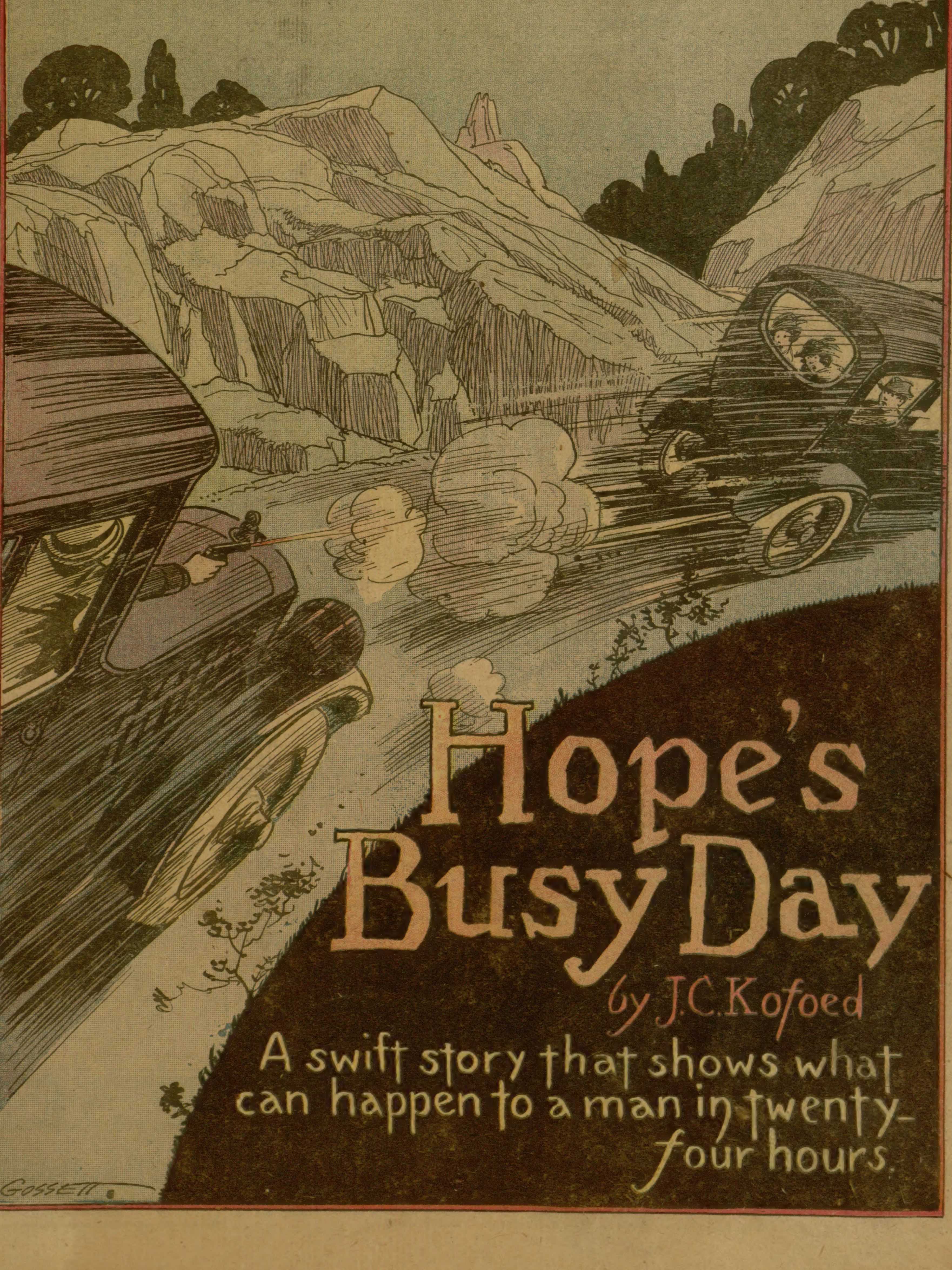
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLIX, NO. 46. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1921. 5 CENTS A COPY.



Hope's Busy Day

by J. C. Kofoed

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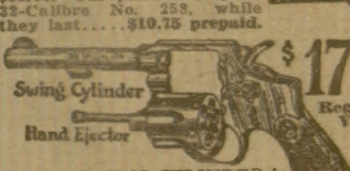

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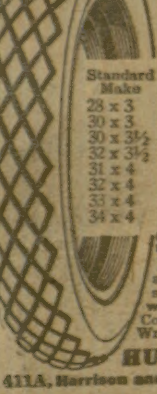

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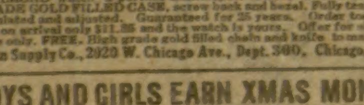

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CHICAGO LEDGER

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VOL. XLIX. NOVEMBER 12, 1921. NO. 46.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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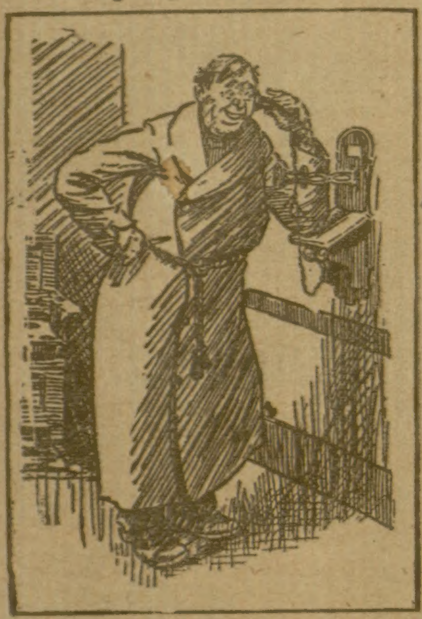
Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

"Sleep My Baby, Sleep."



Patient—Say, doc, it's near midnight and I positively can't sleep.

Doctor—So? Well, just hold the line and I'll sing you a lullaby.

❧

Follow Man Ahead.

Big Man in Audience (turning round)—Can't you see anything?

Little Man (pathetically)—Can't see a streak of the stage.

Big Man (sarcastically)—Why, then, I'll tell you what to do. You keep your eye on me and laugh when I do.

❧

His Kick.

"Say," said the indignant customer, "what's this item you got charged on my bill, this 'mdse'?"

"That's right, ain't it?" asked the grocer.

"Naw, it ain't right," protested the kicker. "Iain't bought no medicine!"

❧

Fifty-fifty.

Flubb—Well, the old dollar is increasing in value again.

Dubb—Yes; but it's also decreasing in quantity.

❧

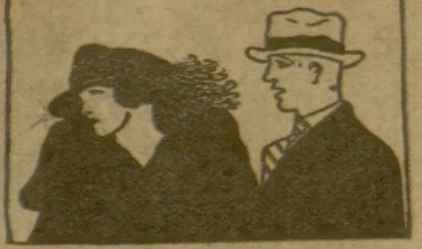
A Radical Change.

She—You used to say that Mary was such a sweet, pensive little girl.

He—Well, she soon got over that. You might say that she became expensive.

❧

The Way.



She—A sixty-dollar hat?

He—Yes.

"My husband wouldn't buy me a sixty-dollar hat."

"He would if you started to yell for a grand piano."

❧

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HOT OR NOT?

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot
  To talk ere the tot could totter,
Ought the Hottentot tot,
To be taught to say "aught"
  Or "nought" or what ought to be taught her?

❧

Expensive Place.

She (at resort)—How the tide comes in with its long, green roll.

He—The tide probably realizes that it's no use coming here unless you have one.

❧

In the Movies.

"I can give you a job as a bathing girl."

"I don't think I'd like that."

"Oh, you don't have to bathe."

❧

A Rain of Misfortune.

Tommy—Dad, what's a Scotch mist?

Father—When a man asks you to have a drink and you don't hear him.

❧

Brain Teasers.

Concealed Insects.

181—A letter taken from each word will reveal an insect in each sentence.

1. Save and thrive.
2. Brown waited most patiently.
3. Reading interests all thinkers.
4. Father called you.
5. Steady progress will reward earnest endeavor.
6. Come over tomorrow, Arthur.

—

Three-letter Squares.

1.

182—A tablet.
A girl's name.
A gentle blow.

2.

Sorrow.
Unit of electrical resistance.
An animal.

—

Progressive Words.

183—Each word begins with the last two letters of the preceding word. All words have four letters.

1. A girl's name. 2. A contest of speed. 3. To make over property in legal form. 4. A wild animal popular with hunters. 5. Therefore. 6. A domestic animal. 7. A very small particle. 8. To leave out. 9. A detail. 10. A girl's name.

—

Changed Heads.

184—I am part of a house. Change my head and I lack; again and I am a wild section; again and I am a rough fellow.

—

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

177—Six Hidden Countries of South America.

1. Brazil. 2. Peru. 3. Argentine. 4. Bolivia. 5. Chili. 6. Ecuador.

—

178—Charade.

Hal
Low
E'en
HALLOWE'EN.

—

Rebus.

Hungary.
Ostrich.
Rio Grande.
Sam.
Erie.
HORSE.

—

180—Four-word Square.

N E A R
E M M A
A M U R
R A R E

—

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Yes

it's toasted, of course. To seal in the flavor—

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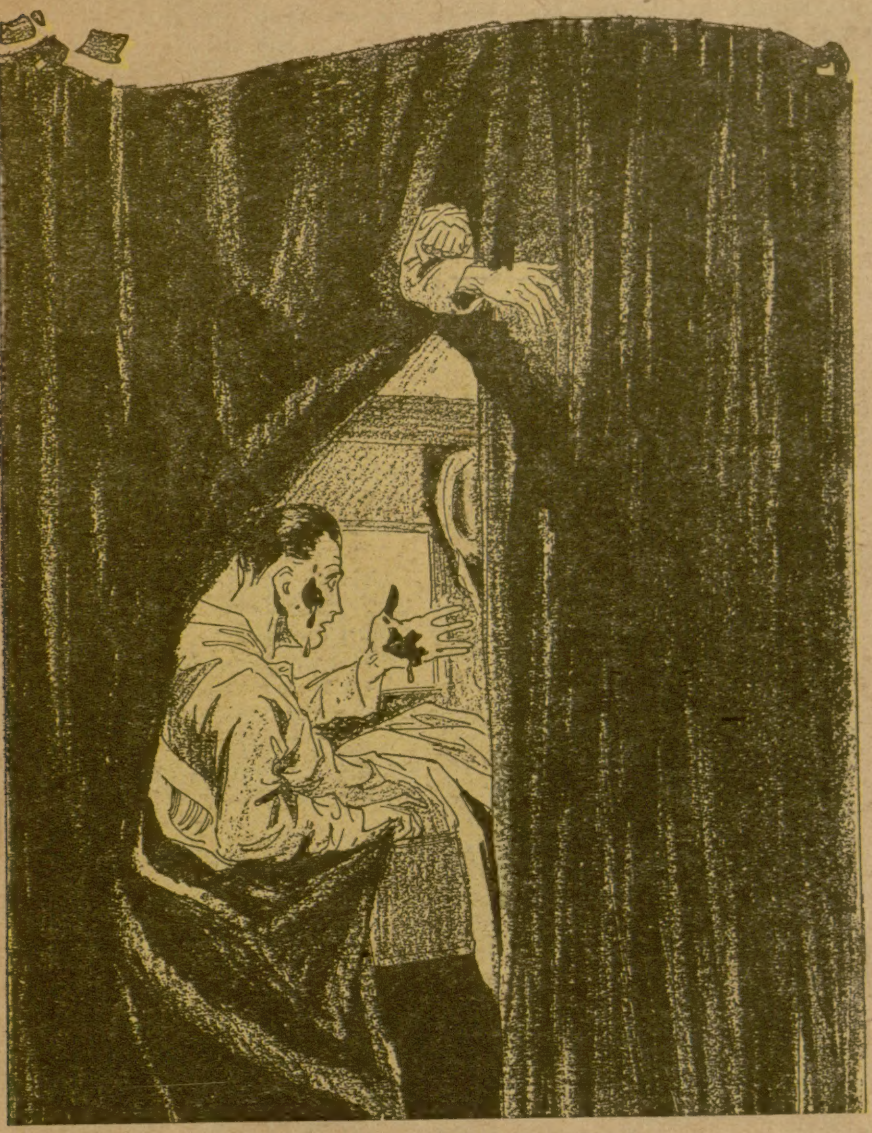
Strange Things Can Happen in Twenty-four Hours. Just Look At

Hope's Busy Day

By J. C. Kofoed



His Hand Was Streaked With Blood.

CHAPTER I.

FROM 6 TO 9 A. M.

HENRY HOPE awoke in the cool dawn of that August morning, wondering what it was that had jerked him out of the gray void of sleep. He pushed up the window curtain and peered out. The sleeper, in common with the other cars of the 1 a. m. express from Philadelphia, stood in the Pennsylvania Terminal. No living thing save a red-cap dozing on top of a trunk could be seen from Hope's rather limited coign of vantage. Yet some voice in his subconscious mind had shouted a warning to him.

He turned on his side, and looked out in the aisle. The atmosphere was heavy with the exhalations of sleeping folk; a snore sounded from one of the berths; several curtains bulged and flapped as the early-rising occupants struggled into their clothes. Everything was as staid and tranquil as one could expect.

Hope yawned. He was a tall, well set-up chap, with eyes of a soldier of fortune—humorous and kindly, but capable of hardening into the glitter of steel. His ruffled blond hair made him look considerably younger than his twenty-six years.

Not being in any concievable sense a nervous or morbidly imaginative person, Hope's premonition—if it can be called such—was inexplicable. There was only one person in the world whom he might rightly call enemy, and to the best of his knowledge Homer Dawson was some hundreds of miles away in their mutual home town of Derry, Pennsylvania.

Derry is in the coal-country—a mean, slab-sided village, drearier for being the home of a tight-minded sect called the Disciples of Poverty. They asserted that they, alone, obeyed the scriptural tenets; that all else were damned by an unapostolic love of the wealth that they abjured. Dawson was the most bigoted of these Disciples. Because the Hopes were of the Virginia aristocracy and never gave up their belief that some day they would be rich again he hated them with a fanaticism that verged on insanity. When Henry went to New York in the employ of that city's wealthiest corporation—the International Exporting Company—his hatred expressed itself in threats. Hope laughed at them. Certainly Homer Dawson had not left his native heath to vent his mad thoughts in violence. Rot! This silly premonition was probably due to last night's heavy dinner.

Henry rolled over on his back, and stretched himself in luxurious comfort. He closed his eyes to review the pleasures of his week-end trip to Philadelphia, and regret that Faith Kessler had not been with him. Faith lived in Derry, and Hope had loved her ever since he passed the short-trouser, puppy-love stage. She, too, was a member of the Disciples of Poverty, but Henry hoped to cure her when she became his wife.

Something wet and warm splashed down his cheek. He brushed it off impatiently without opening his eyes. Another drop followed. With an exclamation of disgust Hope sat up in his berth, wiping the annoying substance from his face. Then, quite naturally, he looked at his hand.

It was streaked with blood!

For a moment Henry sat quite still, staring in a fascinated sort of way at that crimson stain. Then he lifted his eyes to the berth above him. Obviously the blood had come from there. Surely enough, from a coagulating clot on the cracked board fell the drops, very slowly but steadily.

That the man in the upper berth was dead, and it was only by sheer luck that he was not in the same condition, appeared to Hope instantly. Yesterday afternoon he had telephoned the Pullman office in Broad Street station for a lower berth. When he came for the ticket he found that a mistake had been made, and he was assigned to an upper. The mistake was not adjusted until he boarded the train. If Dawson's mad brain had finally decided on vengeance it was quite possible that he had found out what berth Hope had originally been given—and killed the stranger in mistake for him.

By the time Henry donned bath-robe and slippers this thought had established itself firmly in his mind. As quickly as he could he vaulted out of his berth, and peeped into the one above him.

A middle-aged, clean shaven man lay on his back, arms outflung, the breast of his nightshirt a horrible red pulp. The sheets were smeared as tho the killer had methodically wiped his hands and knife on them.

Hope dropped to the floor, and went in search of the Pullman conductor. There followed the bedlam of excitement usual in such cases. The police came and questioned; a woman caught sight of the blood spots and fainted. Business men cursed and complained at the delay that kept them from getting to their offices. Tho he had most cause to be excited Henry Hope was calmest of all the passengers.

Under ordinary conditions the least he could expect would be to be held as a material witness—an annoying and distasteful experience. The police were considerate enough while checking up his story. They wired to Derry, and found that Homer Dawson really had left town some days before. Then they telephoned Kingsley Gould Carlisle, the president of the International Exporting Company—Henry's employer—and the man whose own particular favorite sat in the chair of Commissioner of Police.

Mr. Carlisle, ruffled and sulky at being awakened, conversed for ten minutes with the police captain and for five minutes more with Henry Hope. He couldn't be deprived of his personal secretary to oblige any set of numbskull police, he informed him, and added that, if Henry was detained five minutes longer somebody's badge would be missing shortly. That was a sufficient hint to set the captain telephoning Commissioner Simpers. And within the stipulated five minutes Hope was on his way to the office in a taxi-cab.

"Well," he said to himself, as he relaxed on the bumpy cushions, "this would be excitement enough to last Derry for a month. I wonder if I am going to have any more troubles today."

Poor Henry!—if he only knew!

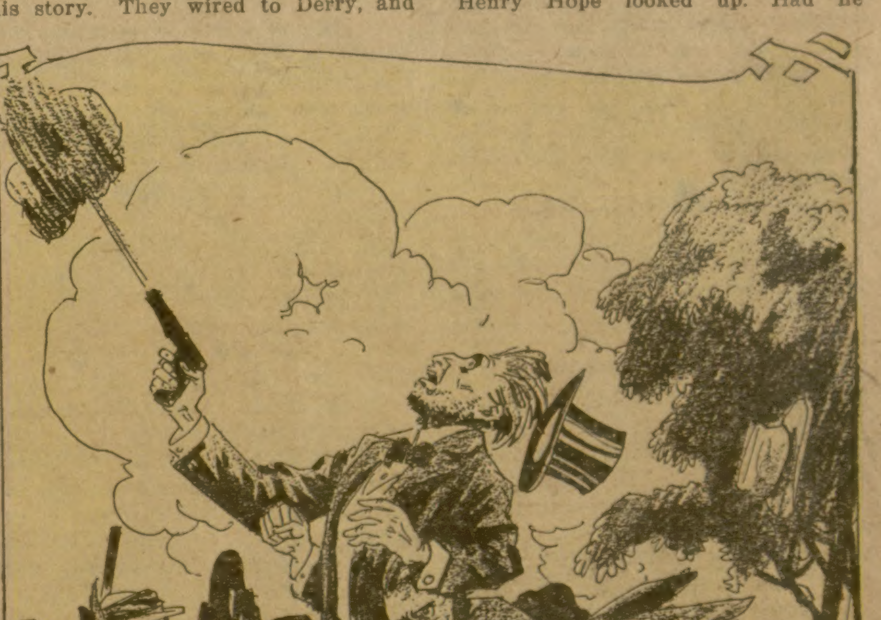
CHAPTER II.

FROM 9 TO 11 A. M.

KINGSLEY GOULD CARLISLE, president of the International Exporting Company, stormed explosively thru the general offices. His face was the color of a poppy; his lips, under the shoe-brush mustache, twitched and muttered. He curtly admonished a file-clerk for powdering her nose during business hours, and swore at one of the porters. When he slammed into his private office he left a wake of angry or frightened subordinates behind him.

"Sufferin' billiards!" exclaimed office-boy George. "I'll bet he et tacks an' dynamite for breakfus. Hey, Mister Hope, you better go in an' smooth down your poppa-in-law's feathers or he won't give you that three dollar raise you bin lookin' for."

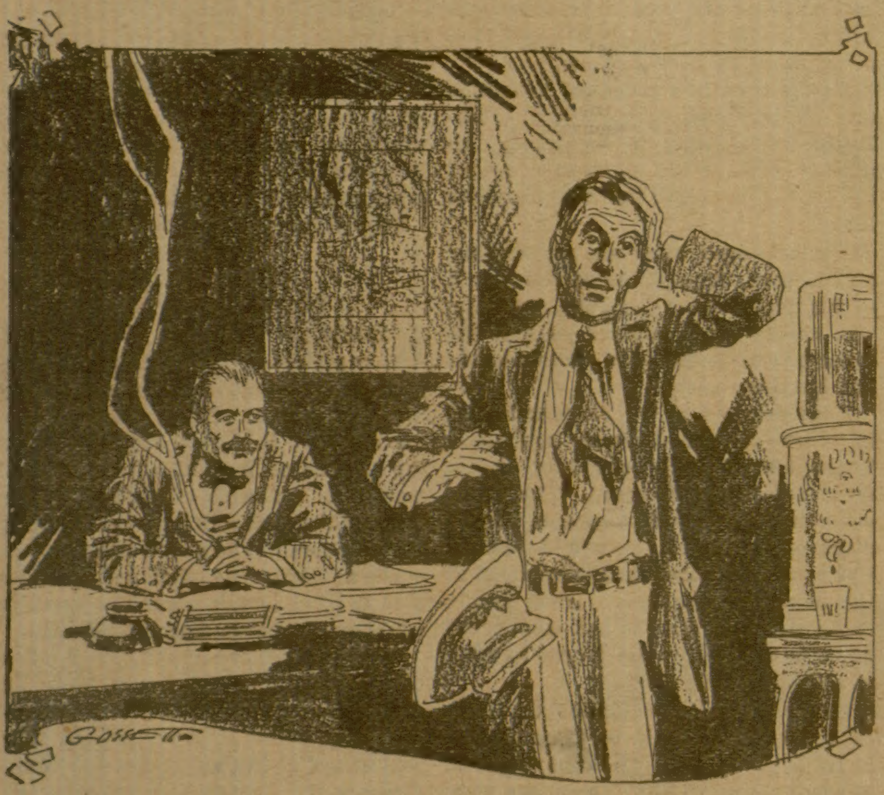
Henry Hope looked up. Had he



He Flung Himself Forward in a Violent Tackle and Hurled Dawson to the Ground.

frowned or turned red the impudent youngster would have been satisfied. As the secretary merely regarded him with benevolent curiosity George grew morbid, and shuffled back to his chair.

That "poppa-in-law joke was a bon-mot of the office-force. Mr. Carlisle's daughter, Blanche, had been called by the French painter, Benet, "the most beautiful woman in America." She had sooty hair and a scarlet mouth and was of an engaging slimness. As Henry was the only one of the office folk with whom she exchanged a word the jokers started the story that he was in love with her. Hope said nothing, but looked wisely noncommittal. He believed in the theory that an all-wise providence gave us two ears and a single mouth as a sign that we should listen twice as much as we speak, but the office force did not know that. They assumed that they had actually stumbled on the secretary's heart secret, and were somewhat ashamed of having joked about it. That humility gave Henry many a silent laugh.



"Oh, It Isn't Anything Very Important, Except That Your Uncle Turner Left You About Ten Million Dollars."

Tommy Conklin came over to the secretary's desk. Tommy would have been middleweight champion of America if his wife had not insisted that he trade the ring for a forty dollar a week job with the International people when he married her.

"Hello, Tommy," greeted Hope. "What's your batting average these days?"

The might-have-been champion of America shook his head glumly. "Not very high, old man. As a matter of fact, I'll be on the ragged edge if I stay here much longer. Mary won't have me plugging along with the prelim' boys, but she would agree if I got a match with the champion. Three years in a Harlem flat has changed her ideas. McCue 'll give me a fight, too, but I need five thousand dollars as a forfeit and for training expenses. Five thousand! God! It might as well be five million."

Hope took out a notebook, and looked at it carefully. "I have four hundred and twelve dollars in bank, Tommy. Say the word and you are welcome to that."

"I'm afraid it won't help—thanks just the same."

"Can't you get one of the sporting men to put up the money?"

"No. They are a superstitious lot, these backers of fighting men, and they hate to take a chance on a possible loser. I am confident of myself—but they aren't. I might make a deal with old Carlisle, but what is the use? If he put up any money he would want 50 per cent of what I made for himself and 50 per cent for his investment. I've got to find a backer, tho, somewhere, Henry. I've just got to." His face was tense with earnestness.

Hope felt enormously sorry for Tommy Conklin. At moments like this he wanted a fortune at his disposal—not to prop up the Hope pride, as his ancestors did—but to help out good fellows like Tom, here. How good it would be to hand him five thousand dollars, and tell him to go ahead, and win the championship. He could see little Mrs. Tommy's pale face light up—but, dash it all! he didn't have the money—and the Conklins would have to keep on living in their cramped little Harlem flat.

The signal on the secretary's desk buzzed. He picked up his notebook, stuffed three pencils in an upper vest pocket, and hustled into the lion's den.

Kingsley Carlisle was scrunched down in his swivel-chair, a cigar protruding at an aggressive angle from the corner of his mouth.

"Good morning," said Hope genially.

"Good morning!" repeated Carlisle, with an indignant flare of his nostrils. "It's not a good morning. It's a rotten morning, and you ought to know it! Every time a day starts badly I have to listen to a lot of imbeciles chirping, 'Good morning.'"

The young man smiled, and looked out of the window, where the hot August sunshine painted the sides of the sky-scrapers and almost penetrated into the canyons of the streets. This was Carlisle's usual Monday morning manner.

"Get the Commissioner of Police on the wire," the president snorted.

Henry did as he was bidden, and when Commissioner Simpers' voice sounded in the receiver, handed that instrument to his employer.

Carlisle took a fresh grip on his cigar and roared: "I want you to show me what good your blanked force is, Simpers. You remember I talked with you an hour ago about that murder on the express from Philadelphia . . . Yes . . . Well, the blanked murderer has threatened me. Called me on the telephone, and told me that I had corrupted Hope—my secretary, you know—said that I had made him a lover of gold, and that I should die for it. Get that? It means that Hope was right, and that the dead man was killed in mistake for him. Get some of your men up here, and do your dashed blamdest to pinch this Dawson before he starts anything. . . . All right . . . Thanks."

He slammed the receiver on the hook, and turned to Henry as tho that particular incident were a trifle that need not be discussed. "I have a conference at 11 with the Crucible Steel people, and I left the papers we worked on Friday at home. My car is waiting outside. James will drive you to Moon-Acres. Ask Blanche for the documents. She's the only one in the blanked house who knows where they are. Get 'em back here as fast as you can."

Hope accepted that assignment with alacrity. The day was clear and hot—perfect out-of-doors weather—and a ride to Carlisle's beatiful Long Island estate was not to be sniffed at. Five minutes later he was seated in the big DeBerry-Fouquier limousine, with a smartly uniformed chauffeur tooling it thru the dense Broadway traffic.

He looked at the luxurious fittings of the car; the silver and glass flower holder, the ash-tray, electric cigar lighter, speaking tube, the frightfully expensive rug. He looked at the magnificent homes they passed. How fine it would be if he could afford those things—and others, like helping Tommy Conklin. But if he ever did succeed in rising to the heights of affluence he would have to drive out of Faith Kessler's pretty head the ideas she had imbibed from the Disciples of Poverty.

The big DeBerry-Fouquier hummed smoothly along, and in an incredibly short space of time deposited Henry beneath the porte-cochere of the Carlisle mansion. However, the butler was not quite sure where Miss Blanche might be.

"It is quite likely, sir," said the servant, "that she is out on the links, tuning up her driving for the Piping Rock tournament. I'll send the second man to look, Mr. Hope, or you can go yourself, sir."

"I'll go myself." He walked briskly to the private course that Kingsley Gould Carlisle maintained for his own good pleasure. On his previous visits Henry had learned something of the idiosyncracies of the chatelaine of Moon-Acres. One of them was a fondness for practicing driving from the third tee. This was located on a magnolia clumped promontory, overlooking a tiny valley with a perverse stream that persisted in doubling back on itself. If the green was not made in one the ball invariably went into one of the sedgements of the creek. Blanche, who would not admit herself beaten in anything, spent many an hour in driving there.

Hope walked up the steep path to the tee, and square into an unexpected and thoroughly dramatic situation.

The scene might have been posed by a sensation loving moving picture director, with an eye for color. A girl in a white golf costume had just finished teeing up her ball. She was on her knees, one hand outstretched to pick up a brassie. Behind her stood a lanky man in a frock coat. His thin, ascetic face was peppered with the bristles of a four days' beard. He held an automatic in his fist, its menacing muzzle pointed at Miss Carlisle. She looked over her shoulder, quite fearlessly, into the fellow's face.

The man was Homer Dawson!

"What do you want, my man?" Blanche demanded. "I have no money with me."

"Money!" He laughed in a high-pitched key. "What do I want with money? I despise it—the curse of the world. I came to kill you as a punishment for your father, who opposes all that we Disciples of Poverty hold dear." His wide irised eyes grew cloudy with emotion.

Blanche continued to look at him bravely, but the delicate color drained out of her cheeks, and left her horribly white.

Then Henry Hope walked into the scene. There was no time to slip around the clump of trees and take the crazed murderer in the rear. Dawson stared at him, the pistol vacillating in his grip.

"You are dead," he said unsteadily. "Dead—for I killed you myself, you unbeliever. Why do you come back?"

Instead of replying, Hope flung himself forward in a violent tackle and hurled Dawson to the ground. The pistol exploded once, but the secretary tore it from his opponent's fingers before he could fire again. Then, very methodically, he walked the dazed man back to the house, and turned him over to the servants.

Blanche followed with a subdued manner. She brought him the documents he asked for, and when he stepped into the waiting limousine she held out her hand.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Hope," she said, with exquisitely modulated emotion. "It was the finest—the bravest thing I ever saw."

The recipient of this praise flushed. "Really, it was n-nothing——"

"It was." She gave him a glance from her wonderful eyes, and a very appreciable pressure to his fingers.

Now—what the deuce!

CHAPTER III.

FROM 11 A. M. TO 1 P. M.

HENRY HOPE returned to the offices of the International Exporting Company at three minutes to 11. Mr. Carlisle was pacing up and down his private sanctum, chewing on a cigar.

"'Fraid you wouldn't get back in time," he said mildly. "Blanche called me up, and told me what happened. Thanks, my boy, a thousand times." He jerked out his watch, glanced at it, and seized his hat. The momentary softness fled from his face, leaving it josslike in its immobility. "That blanked meeting is called for 11. I'll just have time to make it. By the way, I have an important bit of news for you—haven't time to explain now—see you after a bit." He dashed out of the office.

The secretary went back to work, but the heat and his vagrant thoughts prevented him from accomplishing much. He wondered what Faith was doing at that moment. Usually he found concentration easy because his work was interesting, but today was different. . . . He thought of homer Dawson . . . and wondered what Blanche Carlisle meant by that significant glance, and the tiny pressure of her hand. It occurred to him that latent romanticism might have seeped thru the veneer of materialism that wealth had given her, and that she might have fallen in love with him. He dismissed it with a smile. Her father had other plans for her—plans with which she seemed in entire accord. Money was the Carlisle god, and they meant to get a sinfully wealthy man—probably like the Comte d'Yvoir, their house-guest—for Blanche's husband. Henry was glad of it. He loved Faith Kessler, and had no desire for entangling alliances.

At last he managed to dismiss his bothersome thoughts, and immerse himself in his work. An hour or more passed when he became conscious that some one was staring at him. He looked up, and saw who it was.

The fellow had a skin approximately the color of a cup of cocoa half filled with cream. He wore a French army officer's uniform, and the beret of the Alpine Chassuers. His beard was forked into two aggressive spikes, and

(Continued on Page 15.)

What Was the Independent Constance Cranford Doing in the Mexican Bad Lands?

EL CAMINO'S MYSTERY GIRL

by Robert Ordway Foote

What Has Gone Before

GRANT MACOMBER, a young American professor of zoology, big game collector, arriving in Lower California in quest of bighorn sheep, antelope and other desirable specimens, engaged

PEDRO LOPEZ, a Mexican, famous along the border as a professional guide, to assist him in his scientific endeavors. To Pedro was left the selection and purchase of mules and burros and the hiring of "mozos"—drivers and camp boys—and everything was O. K. for their start from the inland town of Campo when along came

MISS CONSTANCE CRANFORD, as she called herself, a small and slight blonde with big, expressive eyes. She, too, was eager to buy some fast mules and good burros, and was anxious to secure a good guide. By offering Pedro considerably more money than the professor was to pay him, the Mexican promptly "jumped" his contract with Macomber, telling the professor that big game would be more plentiful a month later. Pedro also saw to it that the girl secured a better outfit than the professor, who had balked at the higher prices of mules and burros.

The errand of the trim little maid down into the scorched deserts and jagged mountains of the southern regions remained a deep mystery to all. "Padre gold," buried long, long ago beneath the abandoned missions, declared some of the guessers. "Looking for lost mines," others surmised. But to all inquiries she was noncommittal. In vain Professor Macomber warned her of the many dangers she would encounter at the hands of renegade Mexicans and wild beasts. Boasting that she was "well able to take care of herself," the adventurous maid departed from Campo, proud of her outfit. Professor Macomber secured the services of

ALFREDO, a youthful Mexican guide, and in due time his small cavalcade reached Alamo, an inland hamlet. There he met an English adventurer, one

VIVIEN CARSTON, or "Lord Chauncey," as the natives had dubbed him. He also met

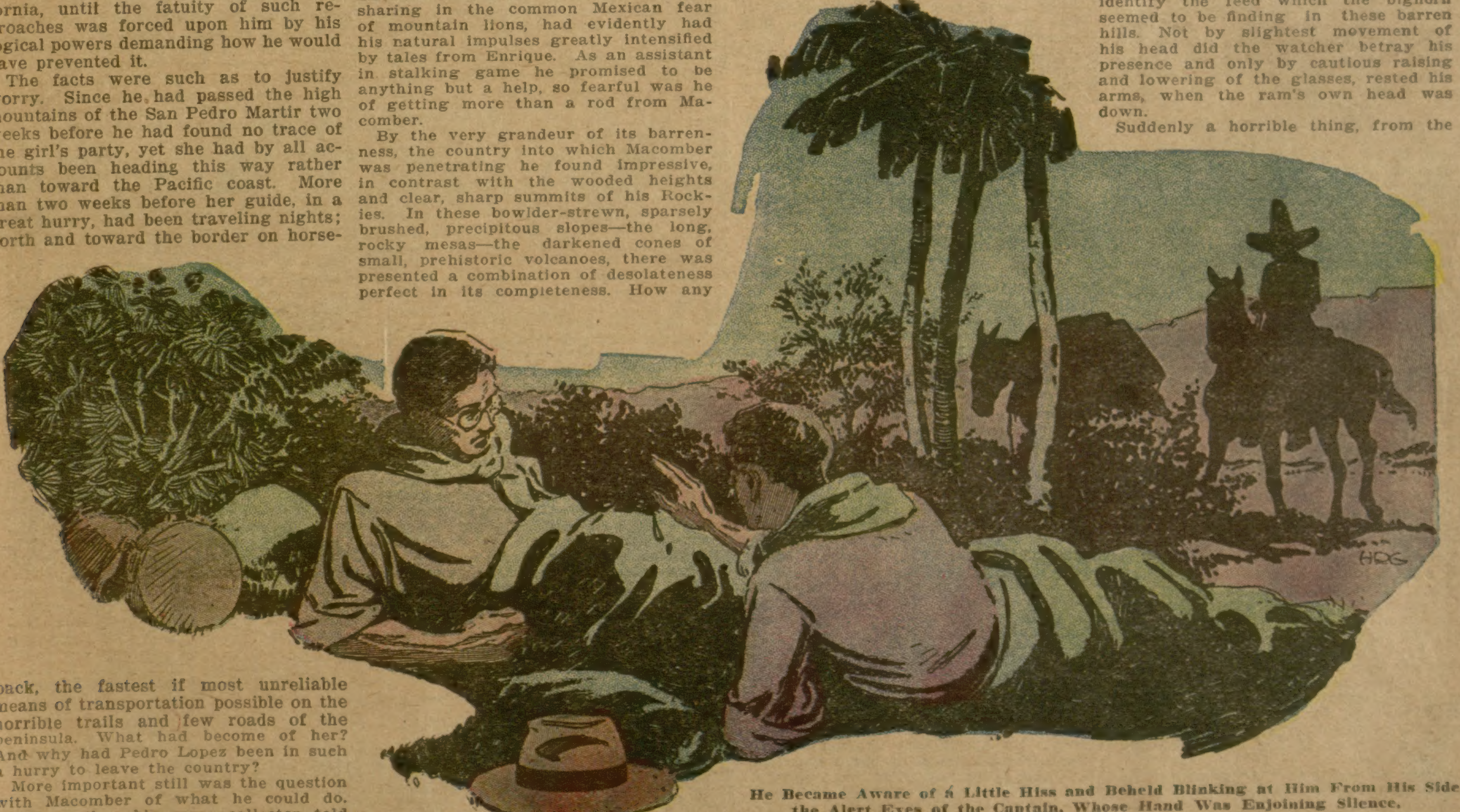
CAPTAIN BILL HAWORTH, an American, and a pioneer among the settled inhabitants of the country. All in Alamo were discussing the pretty khaki-clad girl who had come to the town, with a small cavalcade in charge of the famous Pedro Lopez, and left without disclosing her destination or the nature of her mission. When the professor reached the ranch home of a big, husky American named

TOM MASON, he found that Miss Cranford had also stopped there, much to the delight of Mason and his hospitable wife. Macomber assured the Masons—as he had promised Captain Haworth—that he would sacrifice all of his own interests to protect the charming American girl should circumstances and occasion demand it. After leaving the Masons the professor's guide caught sight of Pedro Lopez speeding back on the trail—northward—and alone! Where was the girl? This was the question that continued to disturb the professor's mind after his guide had told of the incident.

Now Go-on With the Story

SLEEP was well nigh impossible for Professor Grant Macomber the night following his Mexican boy's revelation. Tho he repeatedly assured himself that the apprehensions which had been aroused within him were entirely general, concerned not with the particular person of the girl who had bribed away his guide but with the fate of any fellow countrywoman in this desolate land, the vision of the self-reliant miss was never absent from them. At length the fine frankness of the man with himself led him to the admission in his thoughts that if this person had been old and ugly his anxiety would not have been as great. He blamed himself for not having taken vigorous steps to prevent her coming into Lower California, until the fatuity of such reproaches was forced upon him by his logical powers demanding how he would have prevented it.

The facts were such as to justify worry. Since he had passed the high mountains of the San Pedro Martir two weeks before he had found no trace of the girl's party, yet she had by all accounts been heading this way rather than toward the Pacific coast. More than two weeks before her guide, in a great hurry, had been traveling nights; north and toward the border on horseback, the fastest if most unreliable means of transportation possible on the horrible trails and few roads of the peninsula. What had become of her? And why had Pedro Lopez been in such a hurry to leave the country?



He Became Aware of a Little Hiss and Beheld Blinking at Him From His Side the Alert Eyes of the Captain, Whose Hand Was Enjoining Silence.

More important still was the question with Macomber of what he could do. At first the big-game collector told himself he would start back with his outfit at dawn. But, honestly putting aside any personal considerations, he eventually decided such a course would be the height of foolishness. More than likely, by so doing he would miss Captain Bill, who, traveling on better animals, should be here within a few days. There was nothing to do but remain impatiently and at the deserted mission await developments, for in this primitive land, with its antiquated transportation, the reality of distance was still an undisputed fact.

While he waited he must make good progress in fulfilling his other duty, that which had brought him to this country, of securing bighorn mountain sheep specimens. The remembrance of the yellow ram in the sunset came at length to bring slumber.

It required something more correctly described as coercion, rather than as persuasion, for Macomber to carry out on the morrow the plan he finally evolved. Not with any spirit of thankfulness at the release from active duties did Enrique, the Indian mozo, consent to remain in camp, as he was intructed. The professor intended to keep some one there constantly in order that immediately upon Captain Haworth's arrival there might be set up a bombardment which would recall him instantly from the heights. Enrique was cognizant of the legends of fearful mountain lions in the vicinity of these ruins, and only repeated and solemnly sworn to pledges of his master to return before dark induced him to remain there alone.

Nor was Alfredo a willing participant in the hunt. Macomber merely took the boy along for the value he might be in frightening sheep toward his own stand. But Alfredo, originally sharing in the common Mexican fear of mountain lions, had evidently had his natural impulses greatly intensified by tales from Enrique. As an assistant in stalking game he promised to be anything but a help, so fearful was he of getting more than a rod from Macomber.

By the very grandeur of its barrenness, the country into which Macomber was penetrating he found impressive, in contrast with the wooded heights and clear, sharp summits of his Rockies. In these bowlder-strewn, sparsely brushed, precipitous slopes—the long, rocky mesas—the darkened cones of small, prehistoric volcanoes, there was presented a combination of desolateness perfect in its completeness. How any animal could choose this for its habitat was even puzzling to the scientific man. The only sign of water was the far distant, dim blue of the Sea of Cortez, leagues to the east. But for higher peaks to the west he could also have seen in that direction the spreading Pacific and felt himself another Balboa, who gazed forth from somewhat similar heights, far to the south, east and west to glistening waters.

Sincere tho he had been in his concern over the girl who had unwittingly obtruded the question of her fate upon him, Professor Macomber forgot everything else now in his true pursuit in life, the chase of big game. Cautiously he topped each hogback, slowly advanced from crag to crag, frequently pausing to scan the miles of visible territory with his glasses, for he sought a quarry naturally as far-sighted as man's science made him with the aid of binoculars. The slightest movement within the vision of a bighorn would send the creature scurrying to cover before the animal was even sighted.

Macomber's usual method of hunting was not that of many men who seek the mountain sheep by the aid of guides. It is their custom to place themselves on advantageous spurs where abundant "signs" show the presence of the animal and then trust to guides to drive the sheep up-wind toward them. Such a method seemed unsportsmanlike to the experienced hunter, even in the cause of science, and ordinarily he was given to careful stalking of his game himself, constantly roving over the top of the world, covering nearly as many miles in the course of a day as did his quarry.

But now lack of time was inclining him toward the easier method, and it was for this that he had brought Alfredo along. There was a secondary reason; left together the boy and the Indian might have been impelled by their fears to desert him and leave the mission, taking with them his outfit. Alone, neither would dare attempt so bold a scheme.

Methodical care in visually prospecting each ridge brought its reward. Macomber espied in the distance, perhaps a mile away, a sluggishly-moving object on a hogback. The embodiment of grace when in frightened motion, the mountain sheep is almost awkward in his movements when at leisure. There came a little snicker of amusement from Alfredo, who had been peeping over the bowlder beside him. Apparently the boy was amused at his own previous fears of this animal, which had been secondary only to his dread of encountering a lion; another apprehension that the sun and safe exercise were rapidly dispelling.

With explicitness Macomber instructed the boy how he should cross behind bowlders to the other side of the ridge, carefully making his way along it and come up beyond the animal, where sight or smell of him would send the bighorn —he was a good-sized ram—dashing toward Macomber's place of concealment beneath a crag, well sheltered, but commanding a view of the ridge. Adventure is contagious. Alfredo made no objections and started off with promising caution on his errand.

Thoroly contented for the first time in weeks, Grant Macomber sat quietly in his rock nest, studying thru his glasses the animal he hoped to bag, endeavoring with scientific ardor to identify the feed which the bighorn seemed to be finding in these barren hills. Not by slightest movement of his head did the watcher betray his presence and only by cautious raising and lowering of the glasses, rested his arms, when the ram's own head was down.

Suddenly a horrible thing, from the collector's standpoint, transpired. Alfredo appeared over the ridge above the ram, fully a hundred yards up-wind toward the professor's hiding place from the sheep. The impatience of youth had evidently triumphed over the instructions of his superior, the boy had been unable to wait to peep over until he was sure he was beyond the animal.

All sluggishness vanished now, the bighorn was away like the wind, in the entirely opposite direction from the waiting hunter, leaping from bowlder to bowlder, dodging among them and quickly disappearing to safety beyond a slope. The collector forgot professorial dignity in muttered curses.

Startling developments were not at end. Before the disappointed man could arise from his seat, there was a rush of feet, a confusion of scattered small stones from the top of the little preci-

THE MIRACLE OF LOVE

By Woodward Pemberton

I.

He'd never been to Lover's Lane, nor heard a baby coo;
He'd ne'er seen the lark at morn, nor roses kissed with dew;
Never seen a summer sunset, russet pale to gold,
Nor beheld the moon and stars, a glorious night unfold;
Forever seeing Self reflected, cast from haughty die—
All he saw was I.

He cherished not a loving heart, and few kind words he said,
And where a rose hungered to bloom, a thorn grew up instead.
Many of us are just as he—no room for Love to grow,
And forever miss a treasure, the best in life to know;
Forgotten, lie down at the end in loneliness to cry—
"All I saw was I."

II.

He wandered into Lover's Lane, and saw a baby grow;
He heard the calling of a lark, a robin sweet and low;
Saw he the sun sink in the West, the moon rise o'er the hill;
The night wind sang a song to him, he heard a whippoorwill;
Thankfulness lingered on his lips, and moisture dimmed his eye—
"Grateful, Lord, am I."

His throbbing heart was filled with love, upon his lips a prayer.
Thanking God for a life of love, for blessings everywhere.
"Let my life one of service be," is all I ask of Thee;
If Self should rise and make of me that which I fain would be,
Take me by the hand, show me why, the least of life is I—
Unafraid to die!

pice, at the bottom of which he had been ensconced.

A yellowish object hurtled out into space, it seemed almost from just above his head. It cleared a narrow but deep gulch before him and landed in a level spot with head so low over the grouped feet that a casual onlooker might have thought the force of the impact was received upon the horns. Instantly it was off with mighty leaps.

Before the professor could collect his thoughts there was a repetition of the spectacle. Another ram followed the yellow bighorn, landing in the same manner, with head so nearly down that to Macomber's mind the thought flashed that the ancient padres who had first given rise to the story that mountain sheep in jumping landed on their heads, were not without a certain justification.

Yet a third animal pounded over the little cliff to leap the gulch and start away ere the man recovered enough from his surprise to seize at his gun. But before he could bring his rifle into action a veritable fusillade of shots rang out from above him. The yellow ram who had led this rush from danger was out of sight.

The second animal, also a large ram, dropped in his tracks, only to rise and rush on, seemingly faster than before. The third, a young ram, dropped, struggled to his feet and dropped again.

Macomber was now up and peering out of his retreat. Every instinct but that of caution bade him dash on, himself jump that little gulch and join in this chase. But he knew not what dire results might follow his sudden appearance before a hunter with a smoking gun in his hands. More than one nimrod has paid the extreme penalty for such surprising of an excited hunter too intent on the chase to discriminate between man and beast in his hurry.

However, the professor did let out two or three shouts as a preliminary warning, and then, bidding defiance to further danger, himself made the no small leap across the chasm. He landed with practiced precision on the farther side and hesitated only an instant to glance back. No one was in sight in the direction from which the shots had come.

Anxious to get in a shot at the wounded ram before the animal went so far that trailing would be impossible, the professor hesitated no longer. As he went by the fatally hit young animal, whose yellowish-green eyes were still snapping defiance at him despite the desperate hurt, humanity gave the hunter pause while he ended the creature's agony. Two hundred yards beyond, his keen eye picked out the figure of the wounded larger ram, laboriously ascending the farther side of a wide gulch. Two well-placed shots brought the animal to final stop. There was nothing to be seen of the big yellow ram.

His object attained in having prevented the escape of the wounded ram, Macomber retraced his steps toward the first game, turning over in his mind the apologies he must make to the original hunter for having thus intruded. It was a sin that, he reflected, he might have difficulty explaining, particularly if the hunter, as was most probable, was a native of the country and inclined to resent the presence of foreigners in these almost untouched game fields.

No angry Mexican awaited him beside the fallen ram nor was any person in sight except a highly excited Alfredo, approaching as fast as his limber legs could carry him and conveying by his grin that he considered himself responsible for this successful achievement. At the signs of delight in the boy, Macomber had not the heart to reproach him for his blunder in the matter of the first sighted bighorn, instead sending him to the point from which the shots had originated to see if he could find any one in the vicinity.

The boy returned in due course, bearing half a dozen exploded 30-30 cartridges, but reporting that he could find no trace of the person from whose gun they came. He himself had seen no one and had supposed the shots he heard were fired by his master. Feeling here a mystery that might prove embarrassing if the other hunter were a vindictive Lower Californian even now hiding to wreak revenge for the intrusion upon his pastime, Macomber nevertheless proceeded coolly as if the slain animals were his own.

It was no small task to measure the beasts and remove tawny hide, shinbones and head of the larger one. The younger ram Macomber decided to take down to camp to vary the monotony of diet which had been enforced during the speedy march south. But the young animal weighed more than he expected and he was forced to send the boy on ahead to call Enrique. The consequence was that dark had already fallen before the party finally reached the old mission building with the trophies of the strange day's hunting.

CHAPTER VI.

WITHIN the half-fallen adobe mission wall, where Macomber had established camp, a brilliant fire was burning, as the returning hunter and his party came stumbling down the trail and around the turn which brought the ancient ruins in sight. Tho muttered expressions of fright at the illumination escaped his helpers, the professor felt something akin to relief at this tangible evidence of the presence in the vicinity of someone else.

In the long tramp down, the professor's mind had recurred to the problem of the night before, the disappearance of the girl who had played such havoc with his plans. His puzzled brain had also had the mystery of those rifle shots on the heights to add to its conundrums and he had been, in the last few minutes of difficult progress, connecting the two together.

In the long tramp down, the profession of seeing the resourceful Miss Constance Cranford calmly seated by his camp fire, awaiting him with cool reproach for his intruding into her hut, that he dropped the young ram he was helping carry and hurried forward.

The weathered face of Captain Bill Haworth, smiling at him from a comfortable seat by the fire, first told the professor of his mistake. A hurried glance about, which disclosed no one else but the captain's Indian attendant, already busy with preparation of an evening meal, confirmed the fact that the usually unresponsive young game collector had been shamelessly romancing to himself on his tramp.

Captain Bill's smile, which was persistent when he arose to shake hands, seemed so meaning that Macomber concluded here was the person who had played upon him the joke of running away after hitting the mountain sheep. Determined, in ruffled dignity, to await full confession, Macomber did not refer immediately to the episode.

"Well, young fellow, where's the fair lady we were so agitated about?" was Captain Haworth's greeting.

"We?" Macomber questioned with both voice and eyes, guiltily, however, remembering his recent reflections. "Using that merely in the editorial sense, aren't you, Captain? You got here quickly. I hope you ruined no horses keeping an engagement with your own fancies, here at Santa Maria."

For an instant the Lower California character hesitated as to how to take this raillery, acutely perceiving that it must mask something. Then he chose to laugh at himself.

"I reckon I was a bit impetuous in breaking peninsula travel records," he admitted. "And since I got here I been sitting around trying to convince myself this was the young lady's outfit, when I knew all the while it wasn't. But I wouldn't acknowledge I let her string me about where she was going—wouldn't acknowledge it even to myself, until your solemn face brought in the verdict. So she hasn't showed up?"

"Not for any trace of her I can find here, and I did not tarry on the way. But how in the name of suffering horseflesh did you make it here so quickly. You can't have been to San Diego and back since we parted at Alamo."

"No, I can't," the captain agreed with a grin, but no further explanations.

Professor Macomber answered his grin; indeed, the collector's face became almost mocking.

"Sit down, darn you, and I'll tell you why," the captain finally said.

"I was about half a day out of Alamo, traveling right fast, when the mail passed me," the pioneer began. "I reckon it's the only thing on the peninsula could have caught up, even. In a burst of sarcasm I inquired for the latest news from Alamo, seeing as this fellow and I had parted about six hours before and, what do you know, he actually had some. That galoot of a Lord Chauncey had found some fool to stake him to an outfit and had started out to rescue the fair American maid who was so cruelly abandoned to the dangers of this country by her heartless fellow-countrymen."

He paused, to concoct another of his cigarettes and to let the facts sink in. But Macomber made no comment. He had a little information to impart himself, when the moment came. Captain Haworth resumed speech.

"You scientists are a disappointing lot, you ain't got no imagination. Now, right at that point you should have made some comment about me not wanting to have Lord Chauncey get ahead of me in saving the girl, and then I could have caustically replied that what I wanted to do was to save Lord Chauncey himself.

"Having made that point in spite of you, I will now embark upon the explanation thereof. His Lordship thinks he's going to rescue her and probably has fool dreams of priests pronouncing blessings and a happy horseback honeymoon. What will happen, of course, will be that she'll have to rescue him from some sort of a muddle, for he's sure to get into one. I figured she'd have enough trouble with the everlasting torments that are natural to this country without having to cope with no imported ones from England. So I gave up my voyage to San Diego and started back. If my horse hadn't given out and forced me to stop and dicker for another I'd have been here ahead of you, I reckon. Not a sign of the girl you found around here?"

"Not a sign. You were very confident she'd be here?" The question was not so artlessly put that it did not carry a sting.

"Yes, young fellow, I was dead sure of it. She gave me something to guess about and my guess was this was her destination. I had visions of arriving here to find the whole place dug up for Padre gold and the girl loading her animals down with the treasure. That's where Captain Bill and Professor Macomber were going to step in and gallantly assist her in getting the swag out of the country before that Pedro could murder her. Pretty idea, you'll concede. I see you get your treasure, anyhow."

Alfredo and Enrique, finding no pleasure in the untranslated conversation, had carried the ram and the hide and head of the second animal into the light of the fire and with the captain's man were busy cutting up the younger sheep.

"Thanks to you," Macomber answered with meaning voice.

"Yes, I knew the country would live up to my promises of game, even if it didn't contain any damsels in distress," the captain replied.

"I mean thanks to you in a more immediate sense. This is the second ram you hit this morning when you sent that stampede of mountain sheep over my head."

"What the devil are you talking about, young fellow?" Captain Bill demanded.

It was now Macomber's turn to talk while Captain Haworth maintained a smoky silence tha was only interrupted at last by his vehement protests that he was not the killer of the sheep and by his equally intense conviction that the person was none other than the young lady they had been discussing.

"I heard up the line a long ways that she was a dead shot with a revolver and of course she must be with a rifle, too. It's her, you mark my word."

"Who told you about her shooting, was it Mason?" queried the professor, wondering how widely Miss Cranford's markmanship ability had been demonstrated.

"Mrs. Mason. How'd you know?" the nonplussed captain inquired.

"Mason told me the same thing," came the explanation.

"He wasn't at home. Wife said he'd gone prospecting. Fool idea, fellow with a fine ranch like his to work. Shows how the bug bites everybody in this country, sooner or later. I never heard any foolishness like that about Mason before."

"The notion must have come suddenly. He said nothing to me about it. But to return to my hilltop enigma, I rather inclined to your idea that it might be the young woman. I certainly hope so, it will lift a great load off my mind."

"Now, what do you mean?" Captain Haworth was getting irritable in the face of all these disclosures. The role of teller was better suited to his liking than that of listener.

This time he made no interruptions until the tale of the night encounter with Pedro was finished, when he cuttingly asked:

"When'd you hear about this?"

"Last night," answered Macomber sharply. He did not propose to be reproached for his inaction in the matter today. That inaction had been one of the hardest tasks of his life. "I was afraid of missing you if I started out to the north and I was not at all sure that would be the right way to go. I intended to give you two days to get here, while I studied over the best method to pursue."

"I don't reckon that there was anything else for you to do," Haworth conceded, thoughtfully. "Tomorrow morning we'll comb these hills with a fine-tooth comb. If it wasn't her that fired those shots it was some other American, or a Mexican with an American's gun, because I know the history of every 30-30 north of the peninsula waist. We American residents here make it our business to. What sort of a gun did the girl have?"

On this question the bighorn collector had no more information than his questioner. With impatience they awaited the coming of daylight and the beginning of the planned search.

It was a vain one, tho neither of the Americans would admit it until they had put in two days in short journeys to all the known water holes of the vicinity and in fruitless examination of the main trail. One or two of the water holes showed signs of recent travelers there, but there was nothing to indicate they were other than natives. The trail itself was so dry that it was impossible to make even a guess at which had been the direction of its last travelers. There were no natives within a day's march of the ancient mission, regarded by the Indians as an evil spot because of the misfortunes which had befallen their ancestors there after the forcible expulsion of the Jesuits, a century and half before.

At the council which followed the finally admitted failure of the search, Captain Bill explored his brain for remembrance of details of his interview with the baffling young woman.

"As I remember it, Santa Maria and San Ignacio were the places she had on her mind," he reiterated. "Now you think she was stringing me about this place, but I don't think so. I'm just as certain as ever that it was her shot your mountain sheep and then beat it when she saw you were in the vicinity. Why she did that, we'll leave to herself. No masculine brain, likely, could fathom it. And you being here, she didn't want to stop. She went right on thru that day while you was still on the heights and before I got here. Don't it sound logical to you?"

"Merely plausible, I'd say," returned Macomber.

"All right, if it's even plausible to your dratted scientific mind it must have some foundations. I'm going to send my man back toward Alamo to hunt up that Lord Chauncey, who maybe ain't such a fool as I thought him and I'm going to push on toward San Ignacio. The question is, what are you going to do, stay here and hunt?"

"I am either going back with your man or push on ahead with you, whichever you think best," Professor Macomber answered evenly. "This young woman's dangers or exploits are absolutely nothing to the museum I represent, but I presume they must be something to me. I can come after big game another time."

Captain Bill extended his hand.

"You may try to camouflage it, but you're a regular human he-man down under it all, just the same," he announced. "You can come along with your outfit with me to San Ignacio and I'll simply let my guide think I am dismissing him and sending him back. I'll give him letters to Mason and also to Lord Chauncey, if he sees them; I'm so sure she's gone on that it ain't worth while either of us turning back that way. Anyhow, the whole country up there is interested in her and that Pedro can't hardly have put over much. The worst I can see is that she fired him in a huff and may get lost, trapesing around without a guide. At least, that's the worst I'm going to admit to myself I can see. Now, let's turn in and get strong for an early start."

CHAPTER VII.

IT WAS no easy march to which the Americans had assigned themselves. The abandoned mission of Santa Maria was off the beaten camino. The main

(Continued on Page 18.)

The Mortgage On Roaring Dick

By Hapsburg Liebe

"SHE'S back!" he exclaimed.

It was at a damp spot caused by a seep spring. Ordinarily, the laurel-bordered path did not show footprints in dry weather. No other woman in the Drowning Creek country wore shoes like those; they had moderately high heels.

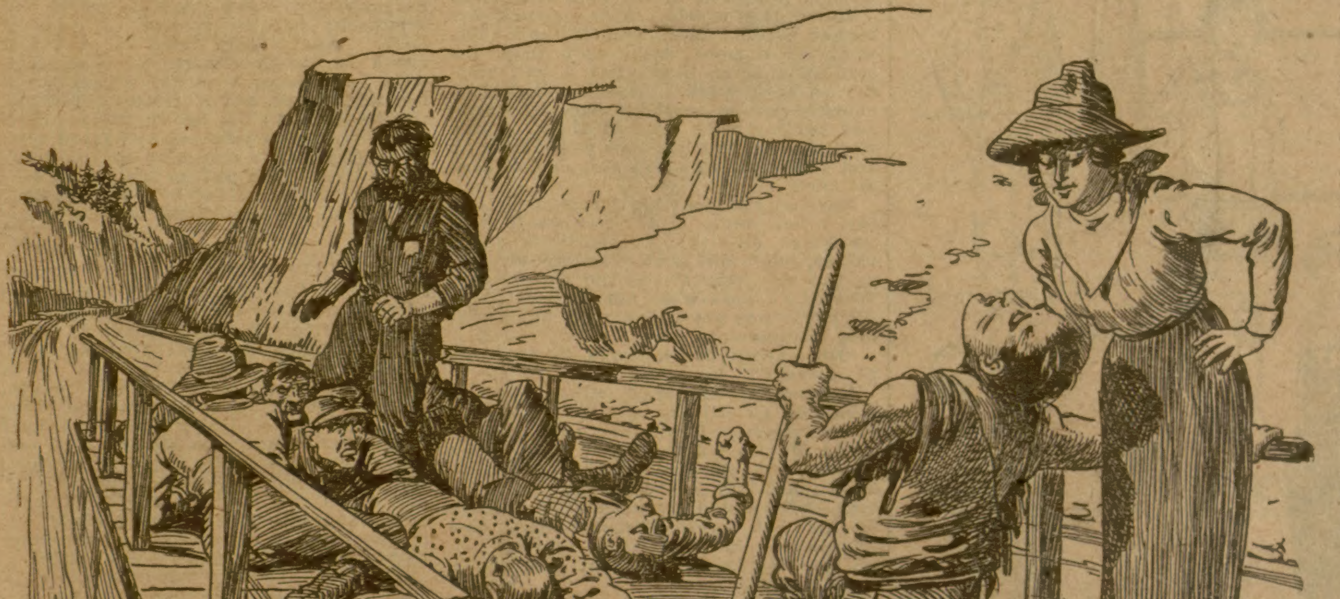
"As sure as I'm a foot high, she's back!"

He was six feet high. By trade he was an expert timberman, and he was a fighter in more ways than one, tho he had come of a family that was noted for never doing well. Even in his wildest days he hadn't been without his redeeming traits; always he had told the truth and kept true to his principles, such as they were, and always he had worked. His daddy had died in his boots, rather than be false to his principles—such as they were—and so had his granddaddy, and everybody knew it. . . .

Prior to the advent of a certain missionary, the people of the Drowning Creek section had known him as "Hell-roaring" Dick. Out of respect for the good Presbyterian light-bearer, the ugly syllable of his nickname had been left off.

"I'm mighty glad," Roaring Dick muttered, "that she's back."

When he went to the Army for three years, Drowning Creek said it was a roaming spirit that moved him. But it wasn't. There was both method and ambition in his going. Old Joab Wardlaw had sent his one pet daughter to city schools to be educated; old Joab was exceedingly wealthy for a hillman, and he could afford it. Down Drowning Creek there was a patriarchal white beech tree that bore the initials M. W. and D. M., which Roaring Dick's fifteen-cent barlow knife had cut there nearly a decade before. Roaring Dick had had torturing mental pictures of a high-stepping young woman, who said easily all the 'ations and 'itions and 'atives, returning to find him a rough and uncouth savage of a man and therefore wanting. So he had gone to the Army for the purpose of educating himself, that seeming to him the best way.



Dick Stepped Backward, Staggering, and Sank to His Knees Beside Her.

"I wonder if she'll call herself Marie instead of Mary," he mused. "Surely, she wouldn't spell it M-a-i or M-a-e." . . . It was a distinct success. Morison came back to his hills with 'ations and 'itions and 'atives on the tip of his tongue—and decorations on his breast. The decorations he hung reverently over his dead mother's picture in the long-deserted old home cabin's best room; he considered them a tribute to her, and not to him. He struck his old logging-camp associates dumb with his glib and nearly always correct use of the English language, and a nearly always incorrect sprinkling of French that he had dug out of a Soldiers' Handbook of Foreign Words and Phrases.

"Mary," he whispered to himself, "is the finest name under the sun."

Another miraculous change had been wrought in Roaring Dick, and the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, and possibly the W. A. A. C., were responsible for it. Where he had thrashed men before for being too good, he now thrashed them for being too bad. Whomsoever Roaring Dick wanted to thrash, he thrashed.

Morison took his gaze reluctantly from the blessed footprint, and turned it down Drowning Creek, his brows puckering thoughtfully. He really wanted to do right. He really wanted to be a man worth while. There was need of his getting closer in line with the onward march of the world, and one big thing was yet to be done before he would feel that he had cut loose entirely from his old, careless way of living. For less than a minute he hesitated; then he went to the Drowning Creek logging camp's repair shop, picked up a sledge as tho it were an ordinary hammer, and walked off down the stream's left bank.

Twenty minutes later he parted a thick screen of riotously blooming laurels and stood before a very old still, the little pine cabin of which was gray and green with moss and mildew. His father had operated that still, and his grandfather had operated it, and he himself had. There seemed something almost sacred about it. But the teachings of the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, and possibly the W. A. A. C., had their effect. With a new brightness in his clear brown eyes, Roaring Dick raised the heavy sledge.

Five more minutes, and the old Morison still offered a picture resembling very nearly the complete work of converging cyclones. Then Roaring Dick shouldered his sledge and went slowly on down Drowning Creek. Soon he drew up before the big white beech that bore the long grown-over initials M. W. and D. M. He dropped to his knees in order that he might see them better; he had been but a boy then, and they were cut low on the tree.

And then Fate sent Mary, Mary—and not far behind her, her iron-souled father.

She had on blue, and she wore her leaf-brown hair on her head instead of hanging down her back in a single plait. Her face wasn't enameled, and her lips were not painted, and for this Roaring Dick felt properly grateful. Her topaz eyes looked straight at him, soberly at him. The beauty and magnificance of her fullblown womanhood held him speechless.

It was she that spoke first. "What are you doing here, Dick?"

"Worshiping," Morison said quietly. And Morison would tell the truth, tho the heavens caved in. He took off his broad-brimmed hat significantly.

"Worshiping?" she repeated, uncertainly.

Her countenance had become suddenly sad. Her eyes were very tender and very bright. She stepped to him, halted at his side.

"What are you worshiping, Dick?"

"You, Mary. I didn't forget."

There was a long, still minute, during which old Joab Wardlaw watched closely from the other side of a thin copse of laurels. Again it was Mary who broke the silence.

"I haven't forgotten either, Dick. It's much harder to educate our hearts than it is our heads," she said slowly, as tho she found some difficulty in choosing her words. She went on:

"But dad will never agree to it, Dick. Never. He didn't like the Morisons, you know; he thought they were—were sort of shiftless, I guess. I'm all he's got, Dick, and I love him. . . . I think we'd better try to forget, Dick, tho it'll be hard enough. But I won't ever be sorry. It was worth it, Dick, every single heartache of it. I—I'll have to tell you good-by, Dick——"

She bent over and kissed him on the forehead—and Joab Wardlaw, who had seen and not heard, swore hotly under his breath; he hadn't merely disliked the Morisons; he had hated them right cordially; there had been days when he shot at them on sight. A mist swept before Roaring Dick's vision. When he looked upward Mary was gone.

Morison rose and put on his hat and took up his sledge, and went haltingly toward Smallin's camp—haltingly, bound with the chains of her tenderness. But when he reached the camp clearing, he was smiling again. It was only a different kind of a fight. He had always won out in his battles; why shouldn't he win out in this?

THE owner of the Drowning Creek logging outfit was also its superintendent. Because he didn't know timbering and couldn't handle men, he wasn't getting along. Roaring Dick went to the office, which was in a downstairs corner of the big and rough boarding-house, and entered without rapping at the door.

Bill Smallin half turned in his desk-chair as Morison's steel-calked boots clattered across the threshold.

"Tell it!" Smallin snapped, irritably and insolently.

"See here, friend," frowned Morison. "I'm Roaring Dick, and there are certain tones of voice I don't look on with favor when people are talking to me. But voila toot! I want to talk over something important with you, Smallin. Ready?"

"Sure. Shoot."

"All right." Morison's hand closed tightly upon the less than ten dollars he carried in a side pocket of his corduroy trousers, all the money he had on earth. He continued:

"You're making a clean failure of this job here, Smallin. You're no logging man. Now, how much will you take for your camp, your second-hand machinery, your five-year leases, your contract, your good will, and everything else you've got here except your clothes, your dog, and your fiddle!"

"Eight thousand," Smallin answered. "Joab Wardlaw has offered me that, and Caxton has offered me that—confound 'em, they know I've got to sell, and they're trying to hold me up; but they shan't get this outfit if I can find anybody else to buy it at the same price. That Caxton crowd—they're all thugs—bosses, men and all, confound 'em!"

Eight thousand was a ridiculously low figure, and Morison knew it even better than the woods-sick Smallin knew it.

"Get papers ready for the transfer," said Roaring Dick.

All the Drowning Creek country save only one young woman would have laughed in its sleeves, had it overheard that little conversation. To think of a shiftless Morison's having eight thousand dollars—or being able to get it, tho it were to save his neck from a gallows rope—they would have called it a very laughable thing.

Roaring Dick left Smallin gaping, and strode briskly from the office. He had not as yet the merest vestige of an idea as to where he was going to pick up so much real money, but he was determined to have it, and the only method barred was outright theft.

He went to his old cabin home and spent a night that was for the most part sleepless. It was nearly dawn when he fell upon a plan. At sunrise he sat himself down at a crude table and wrote the names of eight men on a sheet of paper, folded the sheet and thrust it into his pocket. Then he ate a hasty breakfast from tin cans, and set out to interview the eight men.

They were farmers and stock-raisers, and moderately well off in this world's perishable goods. Roaring Dick contrived to get them together at sundown of that day, in the old-fashioned parlor of the most prominent one of them. When they had seated themselves comfortably, Roaring Dick stood six feet high before them and began to talk.

"This is a plain business proposition, gentlemen," he began. "There's no sentiment in it. Now pay close attention:

"A man inherits a lot of what he is, but more depends upon the man himself. You all know that. I inherited shiftlessness, you may think. Perhaps I did. But I inherited some good traits, too. You have known of Morisons fighting, and even killing, and you know they were mostly loafers, but you never heard of one of them breaking his promise. I promise you, right here and now, that you shan't lose a single red cent on me. Remember that.

"Now listen. I want each of you to lend me a thousand dollars and take a mortgage on me, myself, the same to be secured by certain possessions that I will acquire by means of the loan. I've seen it somewhere that a man's life, figured purely on a business basis, is worth twenty-five thousand, so you'll be putting up only a third of what I'm actually worth—and that will be amply secured. Now, as to what I mean to do with the money——"

He told them, tho he didn't mention everything in connection with it—Mary Wardlaw, for instance. He had learned that four of them disliked old Joab for one reason or another, and that the other four had suffered more or less at the hands of the Caxton Company, and he rubbed this in with patience and eloquence—if he didn't get the Smallin outfit, either Wardlaw or Caxton would, wouldn't they?

At 10 o'clock of that night he left them fairly hypnotized, and on the next day he turned over to Bill Smallin eight thousand dollars and took charge!

A few days later old Joab Wardlaw walked slowly, curiously, into Morison's office. Wardlaw was a tall and gaunt, serious, bearded man. Roaring Dick half turned in his swivel-chair, recognized his visitor, rose and proffered his hand, which old Joab accepted with poor grace.

"They're a-tellin' me," Mary's father drawled in the hill dialect, "that you've bought out this thing here."

"Correct," nodded Morison.

"I'm a-wonderin' where ye got enough money."

"Gave a mortgage on myself," smiled Roaring Dick.

"A mortgage!"

"Yes. On me, myself. I'm the property of the mortgagors until I pay it off. Just like a farm, you know. Nothing queer about that, is there, Joab?"

Joab frowned. Indeed, there was something very queer about that!

"Who," he asked, "is the parties or party?"

"We've agreed," Morison said, "that it's to be a business secret?"

"How much did ye pay fo' this here shebang here?"

"Another business secret," said roaring Dick.

"Looky here," blurted old Wardlaw, after a minute of dead silence—"you cain't never come out on this. I want the outfit, and I'll gi' ye ten thousand, spot cash, fo' it. Pervided, that is, that you'll agree to leave the country and not come back."

"Why the provision?" Morison asked. But he thought he knew—and he did, in substance.

"Business secret, Roarin'." Wardlaw said it with a good deal of satisfaction.

"Nothing doing," said Roaring Dick. "Nothing at all."

Old Joab snorted like an infuriated bull. "All right! All right! You'll be glad to sell to me some day, and then I'll offer ye consid'able less than ten thousand!"

He stalked from the office. Morison didn't know just what to say, so he simply explained:

"Voila toot!"

Woods Foreman I. N. Smith came to the office a moment later. Some wag had persisted in calling him "In" Smith, and the nickname had stuck like molasses. Smith was a huge, black-bearded man; he had come to Morison with the recommendations of a star logger, and he really was a star logger. Also, he was the champion rough-and-tumble fighter of all the Little Pigeon River outfits.

"You sent fo' me, Roarin'?"

"Oui! Sent for you is right, In. 'Tention to orders! Put Ben Forbes on the skidder, Bud Faidley on the locomotive, and Dave Bright on the loader; give Nixie Carroll the cook's job, and send their predecessors to the choppers gang; tell them we're operating on a business basis now. Fire anybody you find with feathers on his legs, and hire new men when you need them. That's all, In. So long!"

In Smith nodded and walked out. He made the changes at once.

Results were not long in showing. Roaring Dick figured up his tally-sheets three nights later, and was highly gratified; an immense success was promised him if he could keep his outfit going at its present rate, and he saw no reason why he shouldn't—being only mortal and therefore unable to read the future.

MORE fine logging days passed. Morison himself was giving the finishing touches to a heavy new wagon-bridge across Drowning Creek, near the center of the camp clearing, when Mary Wardlaw appeared beside him. He rose and took off his hat, and he noted that she was worried.

"What's the matter, Mary?"

She leaned against the new bridge's railing. Again he asked her the question.

"Dick," she said suddenly, "I can't tell you—that is, I'm not perfectly sure there's anything wrong. I—I just wanted to advise you to keep both eyes wide open."

Dick shrugged. "Has your father tumbled? I mean, does he know I'm trying to prove myself worth while, so that I'll be sort of—er, eligible to asking for you?"

"There's no doubt that he knows it," said Mary Wardlaw. "He's pretty mad at you, Dick, because you refused to sell him this outfit and wouldn't tell him anything about how you came to own it. He—Dick, as you know, he never liked you."

Morison smiled a little. "All right, Mamselle petit chere respondez sil vous plait. I'll keep both eyes wide open, and I'll be careful that I don't make a fox pas, certainly."

"Dick! Why—what does all that foreign stuff mean?" provokingly. "Why don't you talk American?"

"Got it out of my Soldiers' Handbook, Mary. Fox pass means false step. The rest of it was something highly complimentary—mon chere petit chemin de fer!"

That, too, was beyond her—and happily, since he had called her his dear little railroad! She went homeward. He drove a few more big nails, three blows to the nail, and went toward his office whistling a mixture of Star-Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise.

For another week the Roaring Dick Logging Company smashed records, and Morison was jubilant. Then the tide took an abrupt turn. Serious breakdowns began to come so fast they fell over one another, it almost seemed, in a wild effort to arrive all at once. Twice the logging locomotive went thru a trestle. The entire loaded train left the rails at a sharp curve and pitched down a mountainside. The loader's boiler foamed and sprung its rivets. The skidder turned over into the creek. Cables broke by the dozen, and mules were killed in pairs. Roaring Dick worked day and night in a prodigious attempt to keep things going, and he worked a fourth of his men with him.

Then the woods crew struck for higher wages. Morison met them midway. Two more days, and they demanded shorter hours and a half-holiday in each week. Roaring Dick discharged every mother's son of them, and peremptorily ordered them off the works. He had left now only the cook and In Smith, who had seemed innocent all thru.

Morison had sent his foreman to look for other men, and he himself was working on the locomotive's slide-valves, when old Joab Wardlaw strolled as tho aimlessly across the new bridge. Wardlaw's eyes were narrow and hard; his smile was small and pale, but somehow triumphant.

"How about five housand fo' the outfit, Roarin'?" he asked.

Morison straightened, wiped his oily hands on an oily rag and looked Mary's father straight in the eye. He remembered Mary's warning, and he believed he saw, now, the source of all his breakdowns and labor difficulties.

"Joab," he said, his voice level in spite of his hot anger, "there's only two things that keep me from beating you up, one of them is the fact that you're an old man."

Wardlaw laughed. He was quite self-possessed. "And what's t'other?"

"Be decent," said Morison. "Don't make me tell. I have always thought you were a white man, Joab, until now. I never dreamed you would stoop to such sneaking, underhand methods as these. Hang around here as long as you like, Joab, but kindly refrain from talking to me. I'm only a pitifully weak mortal human, so I can't bear everything. And, besides, I'm mighty busy."

He turned back to his valves. Old Wardlaw's face became ashen behind his iron-gray beard. His teeth were clinched, and his jaw-muscles stood out in ridges on his gaunt cheeks; the muscles in his big, knotty hands quivered.

"Not many men, Roarin'," he growled, "has had the nerve to talk to me that a-way or buck me that a-way. I shore wouldn't gi' ye five copper cents fo' the whole works. Go ahead and lose it."

He strode off. Morison stuck tightly to his task.

And then, as tho Roaring Dick's misfortunes were not yet great enough, it began to rain. All the rest of that day, and all of the night that followed, it rained in soaking torrents. Drowning Creek did its utmost toward living up to its sinister name; it was dashing, seething full to a level with its banks in places and out of its banks in other places.

Morison was up and dressed at daybreak. He ate a short breakfast with the cook, and stationed himself on the new bridge to keep a jam of logs and driftwood from forming against it and either flooding the camp or washing the bridge away.

About the middle of the morning the rain stopped and the sun shone out brightly, and about the middle of the afternoon In Smith returned and brought eighteen men with him. Roaring Dick left the bridge—tho logs and drift were still coming down and would be coming all that day—and following them to the boarding-house porch, where he looked them over with an appraising eye. He had never seen a worse looking lot. Besides, they were considerably more than half drunk. The temptation to thrash them all—he believed he could do it—rose within him, but for business reasons he put it down.

The truth was that they were from the Caxton camp, which, to go further with the truth, was a sort of port for the missing. Caxton worked hiders at low wages and protected them from the hounds of the law.

"Had dinner?" asked Roaring Dick. They answered in the affirmative, and he went on: "Then go upstairs and sober up. We've got to work tomorrow."

In Smith winked at the new crew, but Morison didn't see it. Morison then turned to Smith. To his intense disgust, he saw now that the foreman himself had been drinking heavily.

"In," said he, "keep the drift from forming at the bridge until I can get something to eat. After that we'll take turns."

Smith obediently went to the bridge and took up the hookless peavy Morison had been using. Roaring Dick hastened to the boarding-house dining-room, where the loyal cook had a steaming meal waiting for him. The eighteen tangle-footed loggers in the upstairs sleeping-quarters began a bacchanalian orgy that was sickening to the outfit's owner—that made him wish to turn loose of everything that was worth while and whip them all, kick them out.

He had almost finished his belated meal when the cook ran up hurriedly and touched his shoulder.

"Look out there, Roaring!" whispered the cook.

Morison turned his head. Thru a window he saw the bridge, and on it he saw Mary Wardlaw and In Smith, and the drunken Smith was forcibly barring the way for the girl. Morison rose and ran, bareheaded, white-faced, toward the bridge. As his feet touched the soggy ground of the clearing, he shouted at the burly foreman, but the sound of the swollen creek rose high above his voice.

Then Smith dropped his peavy, seized the girl savagely by an arm and shoved her backward—and the wide world and firmament became scarlet to Roaring Dick. Again Mary tried to pass, and again In Smith shoved her backward with his brutal, beastlike strength. A few more leaps, and Morison had reached the bridge. As his heavy boots struck the floor, Smith wheeled and faced him. A devilish light appeared in the foreman's eyes. He put up his guard after the approved fashion—he, the champion fighter of all the Little Pigeon River camps.

JOAB WARDLAW'S daughter shrank against the railing as Morison hurled himself in insensate anger at his man. A cry of fright broke from her as Roaring Dick, once more Hell-Roaring Dick, drove a swift and terrible left to In Smith's leering, black-bearded mouth. Morison struck out again, but the other dodged it; the first blow had hurt Smith, but it had also sobered him, and when sober he was a very remarkable fighter. Again Morison led out swiftly, and again the foreman evaded it. Morison side-stepped and put himself out of the path of an uppercut that would have done him damage had it landed.

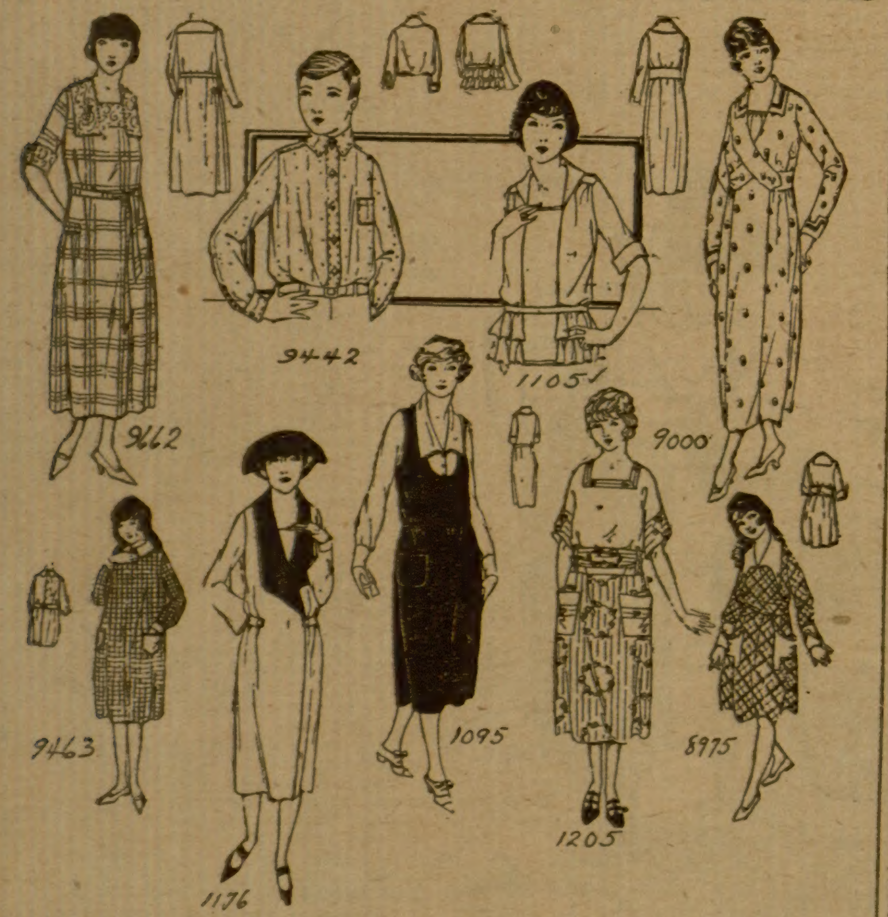
Then the fighters squared up, each eying the other, the girl for the moment forgotten. Smith took the aggressive now, and Roaring Dick received a chest blow that was staggering. But Morison got himself together quickly, evaded the oncoming human cyclone, and hooked in another drive to his antagonist's face. Smith inadvertently covered for a second, and Roaring Dick knocked him down clean. The foreman sprang to his feet, blood streaming thru his black beard, feinted, and landed a bewildering punch on Morison's throat. Morison stepped backward, dodged, parried, fought for breath until he had it, and went at Smith again. For three minutes each hammered the other terribly.

Then Smith began to try for a stomach blow, a distinct foul, and it angered Morison further. Morison feinted with his left and caused Smith to cover his solar plexus; the next second he fractured the foreman's jaw with a straight-away right, and the foreman fell in a heap. . . .

"Dick!" cried Mary Wardlaw. "Look!"

As Morison turned his grimy, blood-stained face toward the boarding-house, the eighteen Caxton men sprang upon the bridge with thick cries of drunken rage. Those men and Smith were cronies; Morison saw that he was about to be mobbed. During the next few minutes, events crowded one upon another. Roaring Dick found himself under a great weight of human flesh, all of which was striving madly to get hands upon him. Every thread of his outer shirt was torn away, and then every thread of his undershirt. But he thought of the girl, and he rose like a contrivance of steel springs, driving his battered fists into the drunken faces of those about him, clearing a little

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



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space. Then he dove for the hookless peavy, got it and wielded it as a great club, a Samson among Philistines, and beat the eighteen ruffians toward the crumpled Smith on the other end of the bridge—

There came a great jarring, and another, and still another, and the grinding tear of wood against stone. Roaring Dick wiped the blood from his eyes and saw that the bridge had been swept from the stream's banks and was flying dizzily down Drowning Creek's crest of swirling, foaming, muddy water—the current had been steadily undermining the banks, and the weight of the new crew had broken them in—

And Mary Wardlaw was aboard it with them!

She was just behind him now. He saw that and turned his eyes again toward the crowded other end of the bridge. One man there was working over Smith. Suddenly Smith rose. In his hand he held a bright, short-barreled revolver of a type that is sometimes as dangerous to the person who fires it as it is to the person in front of it. He leveled the weapon in a kind of Satanic gleefulness, and Roaring Dick lifted his huge club and started for him.

The revolver blazed. A bullet struck high in one side of Morison's great bare chest, but Morison didn't stop. Again the weapon spat a tongue of fire, and again Roaring Dick's great bare chest stopped the bullet. But Still Morison went on. . . .

Words are awkward things—it happened so much quicker than it can possibly be told! Three bullets had entered the chest of Morison, not properly on their ends but sidewise, which fortunately broke their driving power somewhat, when he got within reach of In Smith with his peavy, Smith dropped like a stabbed ox. Then that magnificent young giant, Hell-Roaring Dick, struck down half a dozen others who offered fight and stepped backward, staggering a little, to Mary, and sank to his knees beside her. . . . The sun was setting in red over the western mountain. It threw a weird light over the wild scene—the mad stream and the spectral hemlocks that towered spire-like beyond it; the flying bridge with its nineteen cowards, half of whom were unconscious; the one brave man and the woman he loved. That great painter of pagan pictures, Stuck, never executed a bolder picture than this, nor even dreamed it. . . .

Dick Morison kept on his knees, one hand on the railing to steady himself, the other gripping the ready peavy, and watched his enemies with an eaglelike gaze. At the slightest stir among them he made as if to rise, and the stir ceased. The veneer was gone now, and he was an elemental, a primitive man in the world-old struggle for survival; this woman at his side was his woman, and with his life he would protect her. The lead in his chest hurt greatly; there was no inch of his body that didn't ache; sometimes he felt his senses leaving—but he made himself keep alert and keep watch over the woman, his woman. . . .

Night fell lazily, as it does always in the hills. The bridge, which fortunately had been built of whole logs and thick planking, still floated well, tho now and then water dashed over the floor. Morison kept an eye out for a chance to get the girl off, but no such chance ever came.

Hours passed, dark and weary hours. Morison felt himself slipping, slipping, at last. He whispered deliriously:

"Mary, Mary?"

Mary had sat beside him. Now she went to her knees. She put her arms about him to steady him, and kissed his red-stained face; she did all she knew to do—Mary, the atom, but the atom at the foundation of life—to help him, tho that was little enough now. And then he slipped—

She held him for a moment—until she saw dimly a dark form rise from the other end, when she let him gently down. A spying half moon had just shown her a splinter of brightness a little way off on the bridge floor; she knew it was the revolver that Morison had knocked from In Smith's hand, and that it should contain two more cartridges at least.

Mary Wardlaw crept to the weapon, picked it up, and leveled it toward the dim figure.

"Go back," she said, "or I'll shoot."

He went back.

The rain had been general, and most of the business streets of Johnsboro were under some three feet of water. At midnight Morison's bridge crashed thru a high board-and-wire fence, and following this there were lights and the shouts of many men. But Morison was still unconscious, and he knew nothing of it.

JOHNSBORO, being a thriving little city, had a hospital. In this hospital awoke, two mornings later, one Richard Morison, otherwise known as Roaring Dick. He remembered nothing at first. The nurse and the doctor seemed to him beings from another sphere, tall and distorted creatures who whispered things always and made gestures that he could not hope to understand. There were queer odors about him, odors that he

(Concluded on Page 17.)

The Sure Thing

By Ben Ames Williams

AL HAYES, one-time prince of jockeys, lit one of my cigars, propped his feet on my desk, and delivered himself of an axiom.

"As a matter of fact," he said, as tho continuing a former conversation, "there ain't no permanent way of winnin' money on the ponies."

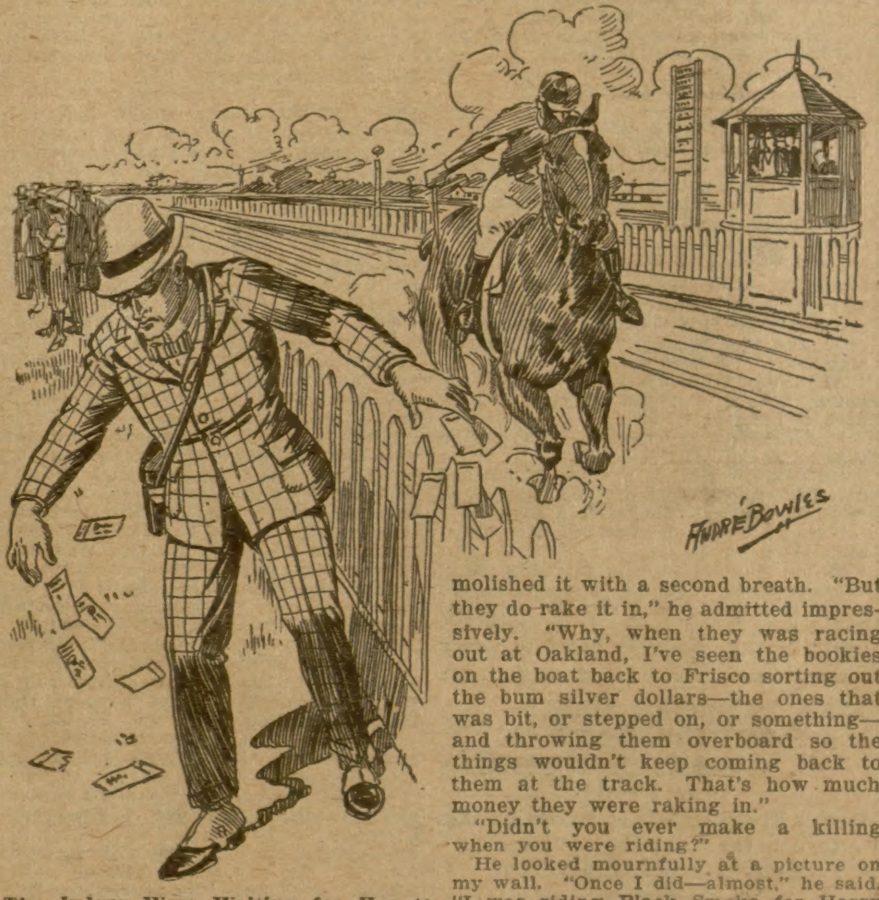
We had not been discussing horses, but our talk always drifted that way when Al dropped in on me.

"I had supposed," I hazarded, "that the owners and insiders made unbelievable sums."

He nodded his head in assent. "Uh-huh! Unbelievable is right."

"But some one must get the money," I argued. "Who? The bookies?"

"Oh—them!" he retorted scornfully. "They make their little pile; and then some day a sure thing comes along, and they take a chance, and—phut!" He blew a beautiful smoke-ring, then demolished it with a second breath. "But they do rake it in," he admitted impressively. "Why, when they was racing out at Oakland, I've seen the bookies on the boat back to Frisco sorting out the bum silver dollars—the ones that was bit, or stepped on, or something—and throwing them overboard so the things wouldn't keep coming back to them at the track. That's how much money they were raking in."



The Judges Were Waiting for Her to Finish and Get Off the Track.

"Didn't you ever make a killing when you were riding?"

He looked mournfully at a picture on my wall. "Once I did—almost," he said. "I was riding Black Smoke for Harry Dayne, and I brought him home in front, and Dayne's daughter gave me a diamond ring worth a coupla thousand, easy. I says to myself: 'Now, Al, you salt that away, and have something when it starts to rain some day.' But is wasn't a week till I was up on a dead sure thing at three to one, and I shot the rock, figuring to pyramid it up—and the dog I was riding quit dead."

"Doped?" I inquired sympathetically.

"M-mh," negated Al. "Just didn't have his mind on the race, and I couldn't seem to call his attention to it."

He had so often told me there was no way to "beat the game" that I was rightfully astonished when he appeared, one day, with a radiant countenance and the remark:

"Well, I've found the way to win on the ponies at last."

I displayed a proper interest, but there may have been something of incredulity in my eye, for Al became secretive. He declared a fortune awaited him, but as to the method of winning it—well, it was a sure thing, anyway. I could bank on that. All he needed, he swore, was fifty dollars or so to get things started, and the money would come to him as crows fly to their roosting-place at night.

I saw which way the wind blew; and because Al was one of those dependable folk who always pack back their borrowings, and because I happened to be in funds at the moment, I spared him the torment of the request, and offered:

"Suppose I stake you, Al? How's that?"

"Say!" he exclaimed, emotion all but overcoming him. "Say, you're there, bo! I'll make you a half-partner in——"

I shook my head. "No. No, thanks," I said. "If I'm a partner I might have to contribute further in case of stress. Fifty is my limit. Come in and tell me how you get along, and pay me when you can, and we'll call it square. But I thought you said there was no way to win on horse races."

I thought for a moment he was going to give me his confidence, but discretion seemed to prevent. "I'll say this," he replied guardedly. "You can't beat 'em as long as you're a sucker; but you might beat the suckers."

He left me to puzzle over that.

TWO days later he was back with a Morning Aerograph in his hands and a smile clear across his round, little face and out of sight behind his ears. He dropped the newspaper proudly on my desk.

"There," he directed. "Take a look at that."

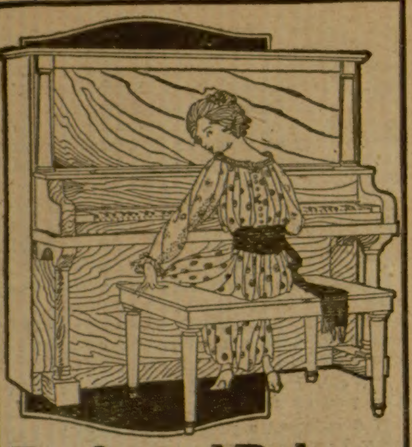
The Aerograph was open at a page devoted to racing news and racing advertisements. As I glanced wonderingly at these Al could no longer contain his glee. He slapped a finger on one of the most prominent. "Read that," he commanded proudly. "See if that won't pull 'em."

So I read it; and here it is, just as I

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended
"They Satisfy"



Reduced Prices

and THREE YEARS TO PAY for this beautiful

MEISTER PIANO

Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent you on

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID

A guaranteed saving of $100 to $150.

If you like the piano we will sell it to you on small monthly payments to suit your convenience as low as $8.00 per month. No cash deposit asked. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Stool free with piano. Write today for our catalog, illustrated in the natural colors of the wood. It's free. If you are interested in player-pianos send for free catalog. We have a fine selection. Rothschild & Co., Dept. 10C, Chicago

KOZY FLANNEL NIGHT GOWN

98c

Direct From Factory

3 FOR $2.79

Half Price Sale Was $1.98. Order quick. Cotton is higher. Prices going up. Material is strong and warm in Kozynap flannel. FULL SIZE. Double front and back. Money back if not satisfied. Choice of pink or blue stripes. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. (Extra sizes 46 to 52 bust $1.25 each—3 for $3.48.) Amount with order, we pay postage. C. O. D. orders postage extra.

NORMAN ROBERTS & CO.,
Dept. 45T11, 200 N. Jefferson St., Chicago.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS

For Three Generations Have Made Child-Birth Easier By Using—

MOTHER'S FRIEND

SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES

Write for Booklet on Motherhood and the Baby, free

Bradfield Regulator Co., Dept. 29-FA, Atlanta, Ga.

Diabetes "BETO" a blessing to Diabetics

Very latest discovery. Absolutely no dieting.

JOHN X. BARING, 736 N. Lotus Ave., CHICAGO

clipped it from another copy of the paper later that day. It was headed by a single line—two words—in startling type:

I KNOW!

Below this was a photograph of a man. It was certainly not a photograph of my friend Al Hayes; but, rather, of a keen-eyed, thin-faced gentleman with curly black hair and a leveled finger pointing you straight in the eye. Then:

> I KNOW. DO YOU?
>
> Don't be a sucker!
>
> Get wise!
>
> The wise ones eat the suckers. Be a wise one.
>
> How?
>
> I have access to racing information which is DEAD SURE.
>
> It is as SURE AS IF THE RACE WERE ALREADY RUN.
>
> It will go to one man in every city. ONLY ONE.
>
> This is to prevent the Laying Gentry getting wind of my information and refusing bets on the horse.
>
> TOMOROW. SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY XXX SPECIAL.
>
> This horse mizzled up the stretch YESTERDAY MORNING in 1:13—six furlongs—
>
> UNDER A PULL.
>
> DO YOU WANT HIM?
>
> Then wire $5 to Jay Days, TODAY.
>
> The price on this BABY will be 10-1 or better.
>
> Take the strings off the old B. R. Don't let it get away from you, and then regret it.
>
> NO BUSINESS BY MAIL.

And below was the address of Mr. Jay Days, whither the five dollars was to be sent. I read this remarkable document once, and then again. "I take it you are 'Jay Days'?" I inquired.

Al beamed modestly. "That's my nommy dee prune," he admitted. "How does it hit you?"

I reached for my money. "Put me on that horse for all I've——"

He made a violent gesture of amazed dissent. "Now, friend," he protested, "Put that away! You ain't a sucker."

I tried to look bewildered. Al undertook to enlighten me.

"I put the ad in this morning, see," he explained. "All the suckers in the world ship me in their five-dollar notes, and I send 'em a telegram at their expense, telling 'em what horse to throw away the rest of their money on."

"You mean you don't know a horse that's going to win?"

Al looked patient. "Say," he said. "There ain't nobody knows what horse is going to win, ever. The man that thinks he can pick winners is a nut; and the man that thinks he can win money on the races is a bug."

"Why—then—this——" I stammered. "This is obtaining money under false——"

Al thrust a ready finger toward that line in the advertisment which read: "No business by mail." And he explained: "That lets me out. Postoffice inspectors can't touch me, and the police don't give a hoot."

I smiled in spite of myself. "But, Al," I suggested mildly, "isn't this playing it a bit low down on the poor suckers?"

"If I didn't get it, the bookies would," he assured me. Al's ethics are somewhat primitive. I had one last question:

"You really send a horse to only one man in a city?"

He grinned and stuffed the Aerograph in his pocket as he rose to go. "I'd send a million to every burg in this land of the free if I got the money in advance," he assured me; and his farewell was:

"Pay you that fifty tomorrow—out of the sucker money."

BUT it was three weeks before he came in again; tho when he did come, there were the signs of material prosperity upon him. He wore in his silk cravat a diamond beyond envy, and another upon his finger; his garments were exquisitely cut; his shoes—ah, those shoes! His gloves, carried gracefully in one hand, were brightest yellow, and his hat had a bow in the back. I rose respectfully.

"Mr. Hayes, I believe?" I said.

He grinned sheepishly. "Cut that stuff," he adjured me. "I come to get you to do something for me."

I reached into my pocket, and he broke into expostulations.

"Put it away," he commanded, and with a sweeping gesture produced from a hip pocket more money than I had ever expected to see at one time. Out of a dazzling array of larger bills he picked two twenties and a ten for me. "Now, listen," he began, when this was done. "I was—I wanted——"

Confusion silenced him, but I saw what he would say. "Al, you gay Lothario!" I exclaimed. "Who is she?"

His eyes lit with genius. "Lothario!" he repeated exultantly. "How's that fer a hunch? In the third race tomorrow at Hot Springs. He might win, at that. I'll send him out."

I brushed that aside. "The girl, Al," I demanded. "Don't hold out on me. Who is she?"

And so for quite a while he told me about the girl. She was, I gathered, a quite extraordinary creature. "And, bo," he finished huskily, "she's crazy about me. Me! Do you get that?"

"You're a pretty good scout, Al," I reassured him. He was pathetically grateful.

"Say," he vowed, "she thinks so; and I'll sure ruin the guy that wises her up different. She don't know what I've been, nor what I am, and she ain't a-going to. In a coupla weeks now I'll have enough to quit the game, and we're going to open up a little——"

"You don't mean you're married already?" I interrupted.

He caught himself. "No, that's what I come to you for. I thought maybe you'd stand up with me."

I grasped his hand on the compact, and he fled before I could draw from him the story of the past three weeks. Two days later he held me to my promise, and I saw them wed. She was a pretty little thing, but it seemed to me the event was not so serious a matter to her as to Al. She had been, he told me, one of the pony ballet in the Frivolities, but she was going to quit all that as soon as they were ready to settle down.

"Just a coupla weeks, now," he repeated.

I urged him to drop in and see me when he was free, and he vanished with his bride. A week later he appeared. Matrimony, he declared, was a great institution. "We're all settled," he told me. "Got a swell little flat, all furnished up grand. Come around and see us."

I promised. "But tell me about your—er—business," I suggested. "You seem to have prospered."

And so he told me—at length and with many flourishes. "I got seventeen answers to that first ad," he began. "Each one telegraphing five bucks. That was better than I'd looked for.

"I'd already doped out a code. You've got to send these good things out in a code, or they don't appreciate 'em. You know how it is. You go up to a guy and say: 'I hear Black Fox is going to win today,' and maybe he'll bet and maybe he won't. But take a hold of his arm and drag him off into a corner and whisper:

IOWA PHYSICIAN MAKES STARTLING OFFER TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

Found Treatment Which Healed His Own Catarrh and Now Offers To Send It Free To Sufferers Anywhere.

DAVENPORT, Iowa.—Dr. W. O. Coffee, Suite 722, St. James Hotel Bldg., this city, one of the most widely known physicians and surgeons in the central west, announces that he found a treatment which completely healed him of catarrh in the head and nose, deafness and head noises after many years of suffering. He then gave the treatment to a number of other sufferers and they state that they also were completely healed. The Doctor is so proud of his achievement and so confident that his treatment will bring other sufferers the same freedom it gave him, that he is offering to send a 10 days' supply absolutely free to any reader of this paper who writes him. Dr. Coffee has specialized on eye, ear, nose and throat diseases for more than thirty-five years and is honored and respected by countless thousands. If you suffer from nose, head or throat catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises, send him your name and address today—Adv.

WEAR GENUINE DIA-GEMS

Genuine DIA-GEMS are now offered direct to you from importers at wholesale prices. We guarantee that if you can tell a Genuine DIA-GEM from a high priced blue white diamond we'll refund your money. Compare a DIA-GEM with your diamond. See the marvelous resemblance. Notice the same fiery radiance, gleaming brilliance, fascinating sparkle. All rings guaranteed to be SOLID GOLD.

SEND NO MONEY—10 DAYS FREE

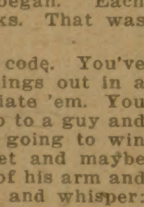
DIA-GEMS are absolutely perfect in color and cutting; no flaws or imperfections. Stand all diamond tests. So marvelous is the resemblance that you will be amazed. Your friends will be fooled. Don't tell them it's not a real diamond, and they will never know. The snappy, fiery, dazzling brilliance and color are guaranteed forever. Each is set in a real solid gold ring like diamonds. DIA-GEMS can be had in any desired weight at proportionate prices.

Just Send Your Name

Select ring, give your finger size and show your full address. We'll send a DIA-GEM weighing about one carat to you by parcel post the same day. You deposit only $4.60 with postmaster to show your good faith or you can send cash with order. It is only a deposit, not a payment. Take 10 days to decide. If you or your friends can tell a genuine DIA-GEM from a diamond, send it back within ten days and we'll refund your deposit at once. If you are satisfied, pay only $3.00 each month for four months. Send Order Today.

DIA-GEM COMPANY, DIV. 552, WORLD BLDG. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Use MURINE Night and Morning and Keep Your Eyes Clean - Clear and Healthy



Write For Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

Comb Away the Gray

A clear colorless liquid and a little comb will restore your hair to its original color in from 4 to 8 days. Free trial bottle proves it—mail coupon today.

Test as directed on single lock—note it is clean and dainty, how soft and fluffy it makes your hair. No streaking or discoloration, nothing to wash off or rub off—just your lovely, natural, youthful hair restored.

Fill out coupon carefully—enclose a lock in your letter if possible. Trial bottle and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle at your druggist or direct from us. Refuse cheap substitutes—which will spoil the future beauty of your hair.

Mary T. Goldman, 924 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 924 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. Natural color of my hair is black.... jet black.... dark brown....medium brown....light brown....

Name..........

Street.......... Town..........

Co.......... State..........

SWEATER FREE

Fine Serge Pants BARGAIN

$7.00 VALUE Now $3.98

Postage Paid

THIS SWEATER FREE

SEND NO MONEY

Here is one of the biggest values offered to readers of this paper. Will send this splendid pair of serge pants and with it this fine sweater FREE--without asking for one cent with the order. PANTS are made of extra quality blue serge, well tailored in every way. Extra heavy pocketing, all seams serged, no raw edges, bar tacking, strong belt straps. Waist 30 to 44, inside seam length 30 to 36 inches. Be sure to give inseam length. SWEATER we give free is made in the popular Shaker Knit, of commercial wool yarn, V-neck style. COLOR—Khaki. SIZES—36 to 46.

GET A SWEATER FREE

Just send your name and address, giving sizes wanted. We'll send both pants and sweater by parcel post prepaid. You pay mailman when delivered. Your money back if not pleased. Here is positively a big $7.00 value for only $3.98. Send NOW as the number of free sweaters is limited.

Order by No. 17C55.

HOWARD LUX CO., DEPT. 17 CLEVELAND, O.

5 —Good— Magazines $1

Woman's World,	(Monthly)	Our Price $1.00 ALL FIVE FOR 1 YEAR
Good Stories,	(Monthly)	
American Woman,	(Monthly)	
Mother's Magazine,	(Monthly)	
The Farm Journal,	(Monthly)	

ORDER BY CLUB NUMBER 8

A Dollar Bill will do—We take the risk

Send all orders to

Whitlock & Summerhays
25 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

Ends Stomach Trouble Banishes Tape-Worm

No matter how long you have suffered—how much you have doctored—how many times you have been told your case is incurable I positively guarantee that my special Remedy "A" will end the worst case of stomach trouble (except cancer) and expel any tape-worm or I make no charge for the treatment. I take all the risk, you none. You must get satisfactory results or you are out nothing. Don't suffer another minute—send me your name and address today and get FREE PROOF by return mail. Walter A. Reisner, Box A-64, Milwaukee, Wis.

Beautiful Thin Watch

Guaranteed

No Money Down

C.O.D. $4.85

Almost like a SILVER DOLLAR it wears in the pocket. Here is your only chance to get a watch you can be proud of—a perfect time-keeper. It is fitted in an UP-TO-DATE VERY THIN MODEL CASE, stamped and GUARANTEED by the factory; 7-JEWEL movement; fully tested and regulated. Really it is an aristocrat among watches. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FREE HIGH GRADE GOLD filled chain to match with each order. REMEMBER, this Special Offer is for short time only; send your name and address today and pay on arrival only $4.85.

ELGIN SUPPLY CO., 2020 Chicago Ave., Dept. 92, Chicago, Ill.

'Sh-h! Black Fox! In the fourth! Keep it dark!' And he'll go bet his shirt on it. So I send out all my tips in code.

"This first seventeen was all here in town, so I sent 'em the code by special delivery mail, and then all I had to do was pick out a horse for them to bet on. One way to pick 'em is as good as another, so I took the third race and wrote each horse's name on a piece of paper, and drew one out of the hat. Hot Dog, was the name of the one I drew. I hadn't never even heard of the skate.

" 'That'll be ten to one if anything is,' I says to myself. So I fixed it up in code and telegraphed it out. Next day at race-time I was so busy cashing in telegrams for five dollars per that I forgot all about that horse till some one called me up on the phone.

" 'Say,' he says, 'I got to hand it to you. You sure had, the right dope on Hot Dog. I win two hundred bucks.'

"My eyes began to bulge out. I knew he was kidding me, or getting ready for a howl, maybe. 'Oh, yes,' I says. 'Yes, sure.' And I hung up on him like a shot and called up Nigel's bar, where they get the races on the ticker. I knowed the barkeep there, and I says to him:

" 'Mike,' I says, 'if Hot Dog won that third race I'd slip you ten bucks.'

"He says: 'Sure he won. At twenty to one. Did you have him, you lucky stiff?'

"I fainted right away; and when I come to I was in a taxi on the way to the Aerograph office to change my ad for the next day and stick up at the top of it, in the biggest letters they'd let me use: 'Hot Dog—20 to 1—Won. My One Best Bet Out Yesterday!' "

Al paused, and for a time puffed quietly at his cigar, while I pondered on that strange force called Chance. But when he showed no disposition to proceed, I prompted him. "Well?"

"Oh!" He waved a careless hand. "After that it was easy. There was over fifty five-spots the next day, and they kept coming faster and faster."

"You kept on picking winners, then?"

He leaned forward and tapped my knee. "Friend," he said impressively, "I sent out six horses the first week, and four of them won, and the worst any one of 'em paid was nine to two." He sighed wistfully. "Don't it beat all how you can pick 'em when you ain't playing 'em?"

I admitted the existence of this strange phenomenon.

"Well," he went on, "it was a shame to do it. The postoffice inspectors looked in on me, but I give 'em the hoot. Then some of the other guys in the same line got jealous and claimed I was faking my record, but I got an affidavit from the Aerograph ad man that I'd filed my selection with him every time, before the race, and that shut 'em up. Now I've got two clerks just opening telegrams and sending out the tips."

"Suppose the horses you tipped had failed to win?" I suggested mildly.

"Oh, they did, sometimes," he admitted. "But the money kept coming just the same. I had two winners the second week, and none the third, but the finnifs keep coming in."

"You must have made some money."

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I've blew in a pile of it. I slipped Maizie a thousand-dollar bill when we got hitched, and the furniture's all paid for, and I've got a couple of hundred in my kick still. When I get five thousand in a wad I'm going to quit the game."

He seemed, I thought, a trifle bored with prosperity.

IT WAS some time before I saw Al again; and for news of him I fell into the habit of reading the "Jay Days" advertisement each morning in the Aero- forced and insincere, and perhaps I was forced an insincere, and perhaps I was right in this judgment, for a week or so passed without a single boost of a winner at good odds sent out the day before.

And then, one Monday morning, I perceived the sun had broken thru the clouds. Not only had there been a winner the Saturday before; but for the following Saturday, Jay Days announced, he would have a "mizzler"—whatever that is—such as the track never saw before. The advertisement fairly blared a new-found confidence. I read it with an amused smile.

In the Tuesday advertisement, coupled with the boast that he had touted a winner on Monday, there was another enthusiastic reference to the Saturday "Extra Special." Wednesday he promised some details for the following day, and Thursday he was as good as his word, announcing that the horse would run in the fourth race, the Inaugural Handicap, at Bowie. As for victory, that was sure, he promised. And the price would positively be ten to one or better.

Those advertisements were good reading, and I could readily see they must have good "pulling power." The thing aroused my curiosity, and I telephoned to Al's office, intending to ask him to drop in and tell me how business was progressing. But the man who answered said that Mr. Jay Days—which was Al—would not be in that day.

The Friday morning advertisement was fairly jubilant. All ends, it appeared, had been taken care of. Every angle of the coup was arranged. The horse was as sure to win as if the race was over. And so on and so on. Saturday morning's paper had a final, confident reference to the great event of the afternoon. The thing gave even my hardened nerves a thrill.

A rush of work caught me that afternoon, and it was not till the next morning that I had an opportunity to remember the races. I bought an Aerograph and turned to look at the racing results. and saw at once that something must have gone wrong with Al's horse. The favorite, a 4-5 shot, had won the Inaugural Handicap. Al had promised a winner at 10-1 or better.

I looked for the Jay Days advertisement, expecting an explanation. But the advertisement was gone. The Aerograph, without it, was not the same. The thing oppressed me, and I had a premonition that disaster had befallen my friend. But it was not till three days later that I knew the details. Then Al himself appeared.

Himself, but not himself. His diamond scarf pin was gone; and gone, too, was the resplendent ring. His glorious garments needed pressing; his yellow gloves may have been in his pocket, but they were certainly not in evidence. His eyes were tired, he was pale, and he was unhappy. So much was patent at the first glance. I made him welcome without questions, and waited for him to begin the story he must have to tell.

"Well," Al groaned at last, "this world's a funny place, ain't it?"

"Not so blamed funny," I plagiarized.

"It ain't, at that, now is it?" he agreed mildly. The fire of resentment seemed to have gone out of him.

"Here one day two-three weks ago," he said plaintively, "I went into the Rialto bar and had a coupla near drinks with a guy, and laid down a twenty-dollar bill and never even looked at the change. And today I dropped in there for a sandwich off the free lunch, and the barkeep all but jumped down my neck."

I produced and tendered to him a five-dollar bill. He took it abstractedly.

"How's the business?" I asked.

"Bust," he said briefly. And at length began:

"I had about fifteen hundred bucks in my kick, and owed some of that to my clerks and for office rent and all, and I needed five thou to get out of the game And it was coming too slow to suit me; and then one day I got some real info.

"I was having a little snifter after my day's work cashing in telegrams at five per when a friend of mine jostled up to me; and I sure was glad to see him. He owns forty-fifty nice horses, and I'd rode for him in the old days, and more'n once he'd slipped me some straight info that I'd made money on. He knew about as much as anybody does about when a horse is going to win. He'd took enough to be ripe, that day, and in half an hour he was spilling his good thing to me.

"Tangerine was the dog's name; and he was going to put her over in the Inaugural at Bowie. 'She's been down there all winter,' he told me, 'and she's had a great prep, and she's ready for the call, bo. She'll lie down and roll home ahead of that field.'

"Well, I kept quiet about what I was doing for a living, and he give me some more dope, and that night I got out my books and looked up this Tangerine, and looked at the entries in the Inaugural, and I see there wasn't any reason why she shouldn't win if she was right. She's a dog that'll run about one good race a year. Maybe you noticed she won yesterday afternoon at 20-1. No? Well, she did. And me sending her out only last Saturday.

"And so I started to advertise that I had a good thing for Saturday," he continued. "Maybe you seen them ads?" I nodded. "I made 'em strong; but I'd been running in bad luck for a spell, and the money didn't come in like it ought to. And them ads cost money. By the middle of the week I seen I was still going to be a long ways from five thou.

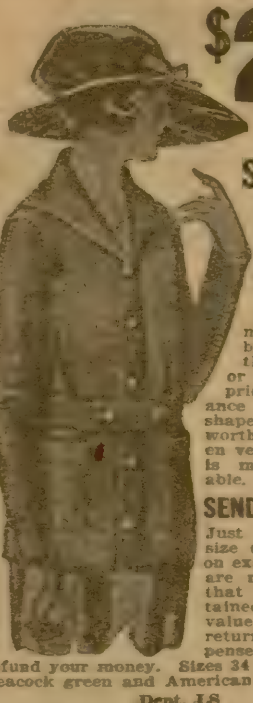
"And then, all of a sudden, I waked up to myself. 'Al, you nut,' I says to myself, 'get wise to yourself! This is a real good thing, a sure thing, and you're peddling it out to the boobs and not playing a cent yourself. Get wise to

(Concluded on Page 21.)

SURE WAY TO GET RID OF BLACKHEADS

There is one simple, safe and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads and that is to dissolve them.

To do this get two ounces of calonite powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear, leaving the parts without any mark whatever. Blackheads are simply a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions from the body that form in the pores of the skin—pinching and squeezing only cause irritation, make large pores, and do not get them out after they become hard. The calonite powder and the water simply dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition. Anybody troubled with these unsightly blemishes should certainly try this simple method.



$2.69 for this stunning SWEATER COAT

Made of the finest yarn that is woven so beautiful that it bears a most marked resemblance to coats that sell for 2 or 3 times its price. Its resistance to losing its shape is quite noteworthy. It is woven very firmly and is most comfortable.

SEND NO MONEY Just your name, size and color. If on examination you are not convinced that you have obtained the biggest value of the year, return at our expense, and we will refund your money. Sizes 34 to 46. Colors: Peacock green and American Beauty.

Dept. LS
WAREWELL CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dont Send 1 Penny

Manchurian FOX SCARF
$4.45
Delivery FREE
Silk Lined

Just send your name and address and I will send this fur scarf to you. You don't pay one penny until the fur is delivered at your door by the postman. This is a wonderful opportunity of getting a $[illegible] scarf for $4.45 Our price is amazingly low. Compare it with others and see for yourself.

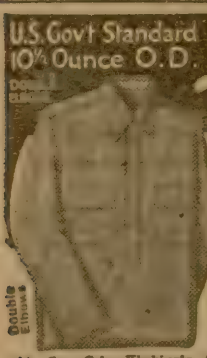
A Fashion Necessity

Every stylish woman is wearing a fur scarf with her coat, suit, dress or waist. It is appropriate for every occasion. This scarf is made of Manchurian fox, which has long, soft, silky hair. This is not the genuine American fox, but will wear much better than the genuine. Scarf is a large animal shape with head at one end and tail and paws at the other. Lined throughout with all-silk lining. Also has silk ruffle around neck. Very large and graceful. Colors: Black, Lucille brown or taupe gray.

SEND NOW just your name and address—no money. When the fur scarf arrives pay the postman $4.45 for it. We have paid the delivery charges. Wear the scarf. If you don't find it all you expected, return it and we will cheerfully refund your money at once. This is our risk—not yours Be sure to give color. Order by No. 17.

Walter Field Co. Dept. B3032 Chicago

U.S. Gov't Standard 10½ Ounce O.D. Flannel Shirts 2 for $5.98



WORTH $5 EACH

Yes, you would be asked $5 EACH for these wonderful WOOL FLANNEL shirts at any store. Yet our sensational price is TWO for only $5.98. Heavy wool flannel, two large button down pockets, DOUBLE ELBOWS. Cut extra full and roomy. Not a cheap mail order shirt but the kind sold in best stores at $5 EACH or more. SEND NO MONEY NOW—just pay postman $[illegible] plus postage for [illegible] shirts. Money back QUICK if not completely satisfied. Only two shirts to a customer on this offer. Color, Khaki only. Sizes 14 to 17. Mail postal or letter NOW while this offer lasts.

F. V. FRANKEL, Dept. 108A, 353 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

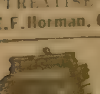
Wearing Fibre Arms and Legs Gust Earns $20 a Week

Gust Bloomquist froze his hands and feet. All were amputated. By aid of Trautman limbs, not friends and relatives, he makes his own way. Send for Gust's picture and catalog on arms, legs and braces. Ray Trautman, Minneapolis Artificial Limb Co., 624 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN DISEASES CAN Now Be Cured

Just send your name and I will mail you my "TREATISE" absolutely "FREE." Write [illegible]

E. F. Horman, Chemist, 666 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.



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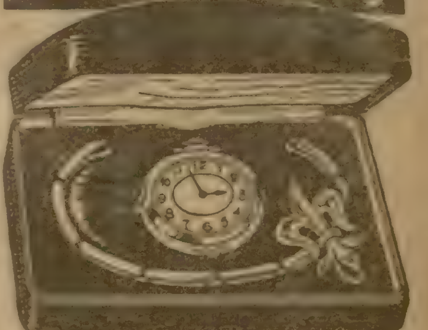

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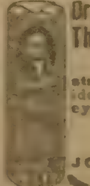

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Can "Probability" Jones' Curves Lead Him to the Person Who Committed

The White Lily Murder

By H. M. Egbert

CHAPTER IX.

JONES' idea of a good dinner was the same as Hosanna's. He eschewed French dishes dressed up in unpronounceable names, and, being asked to order, called for roast mutton and red currant jelly. There was something about that simplicity of his that nearly brought tears to the girl's eyes.

Jones, homely, shabby and unimaginative, would have been surprised and alarmed not a little if he had known that he was almost a hero to Hosanna. There was something infinitely touching in his abnegation, his deference, and that respect for women which was apparent in each awkward speech, each gesture of his ungainly hands.

To please her employer, Hosanna made the best meal that she could. When they returned, nearly an hour later, the ring of the telephone greeted them immediately. Hosanna, listening to Jones speaking, recognized Clay's booming voice at the other end of the wire.

Jones listened a few moments. "All right! We'll come straight up there!" he answered, and hung up the receiver. "It's Clay," he said. "He wants us to meet him at Mr. Embrich's house to put us wise to a further development. He's surprisingly cordial — quite different from the way I found him on that last case, when he seemed so suspicious of my methods.

"He says he wants us to keep in touch and report to each other right along. I guess it was that deduction of yours about the handkerchief that worked the change, Miss Beach."

Hosanna shook her head. "I don't think so," she answered slowly. "I don't like Inspector Clay—and I don't trust him."

They went out and took an uptown car. The Embrich house was a large brownstone building in the sixties; large, but not handsome, and in no way distinguishable from any of its neighbors. It conveyed the impression of prosperous ease. The two were admitted, after an appreciable delay, by a heavy-featured, rather sombre-looking butler, who surveyed them in a furtive and gloomy manner as he opened the door.

Almost immediately behind him Clay appeared, standing in the dark hallway.

"Afternoon, Mr. Jones," said the Inspector cordially. "The same to you, Miss Beach. I didn't expect to trouble you so soon, but I'm anxious for us all to work together on this, and I wanted to put you wise to all the details of the case."

Clay, whose usual rather grim manner appeared to have softened into surprising affability, cast a smiling glance upon Hosanna.

"Peck here is a new man, I understand," he continued. "I guess you couldn't have seen him before, Miss Beach. Mr. Embrich engaged him only a couple of weeks ago in place of the old one, named Jameson, I understand, who got a better job. Well, Peck tells me that some woman telephoned the house about half-past 9 last night, asking if she could talk to Mr. Embrich. I hadn't heard anything about it before. You ask Peck here what he's got to tell about it."

"That's so, Miss," said Peck heavily.

"Did she leave her name?" inquired Hosanna.

"No, Miss, she refused to give it."

"What did she ask you? Can you remember her words exactly?"

"She wanted to know if she could talk to Mr. Embrich. That's about all she said, Miss. I told her Mr. Embrich was staying late at the store, and she said she'd go down there at once to see him, and hung up the receiver."

He glanced at Clay when he had finished speaking, and Jones fancied that some sort of almost imperceptible signal passed between the two men. Generally Jones had the same likes and dislikes as Hosanna—except, apparently, in the case of Philip Goodloe—and he felt an instinctive detestation of the man.

"Anythin' more you want to ask him, Miss Beach?" the Inspector queried, as Hosanna remained silent.

"I don't think so. Having been so short a time with my uncle, he wouldn't be likely to know anything material," said Hosanna. "I suppose he hasn't any knowledge or—or suspicions about Mr. Embrich's death? My uncle had no enemies of whom you have heard?" she continued to Peck.

"No, Miss."

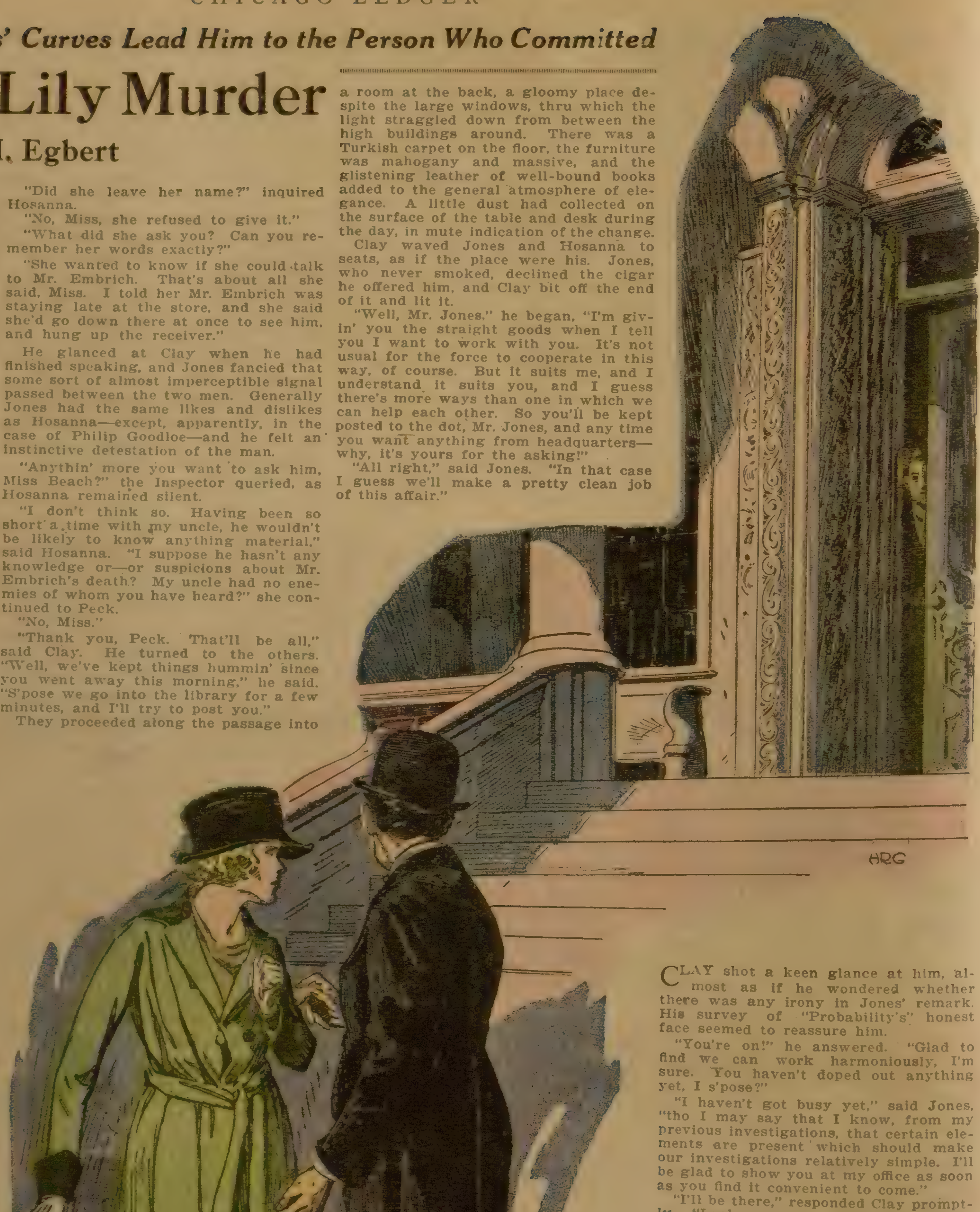
"Thank you, Peck. That'll be all," said Clay. He turned to the others. "Well, we've kept things hummin' since you went away this morning," he said. "S'pose we go into the library for a few minutes, and I'll try to post you."

They proceeded along the passage into a room at the back, a gloomy place despite the large windows, thru which the light straggled down from between the high buildings around. There was a Turkish carpet on the floor, the furniture was mahogany and massive, and the glistening leather of well-bound books added to the general atmosphere of elegance. A little dust had collected on the surface of the table and desk during the day, in mute indication of the change.

Clay waved Jones and Hosanna to seats, as if the place were his. Jones, who never smoked, declined the cigar he offered him, and Clay bit off the end of it and lit it.

"Well, Mr. Jones," he began, "I'm givin' you the straight goods when I tell you I want to work with you. It's not usual for the force to cooperate in this way, of course. But it suits me, and I understand it suits you, and I guess there's more ways than one in which we can help each other. So you'll be kept posted to the dot, Mr. Jones, and any time you want anything from headquarters—why, it's yours for the asking!"

"All right," said Jones. "In that case I guess we'll make a pretty clean job of this affair."



Hosanna, Glancing Back Toward the House, Shuddered, and Uttered a Little Cry. Jones, Following Her Look, Perceived the Fugitive, Pallid of Face, Watching Them From the Edge of the Closing Door.

CLAY shot a keen glance at him, almost as if he wondered whether there was any irony in Jones' remark. His survey of "Probability's" honest face seemed to reassure him.

"You're on!" he answered. "Glad to find we can work harmoniously, I'm sure. You haven't doped out anything yet, I s'pose?"

"I haven't got busy yet," said Jones, "tho I may say that I know, from my previous investigations, that certain elements are present which should make our investigations relatively simple. I'll be glad to show you at my office as soon as you find it convenient to come."

"I'll be there," responded Clay promptly. "Look you up tomorrow, maybe. And I guess we'll find that we've both started to work along the same lines in our own ways.

"Now, my opinion, as I said before, is that it's the simplest mystery I've ever worked on. You'll find we've got a straight run for our money. We're scouring the city to find Vintner, and I'm expecting to hear we've got him most any hour now. It looks like Bill Vintner and Jenny plain enough, and they pulled off the job before Daddy Mann had locked the Fothergill street door."

"Then—Mr. Goodloe?" asked Hosanna

Earlier Installments of the Story Condensed for New Readers

CYRUS K. EMBRICH, proprietor of a New York department store, was stabbed in the back with a steel envelope opener, as he sat in his private office in the store at about 9 or 10 o'clock at night. He was found dead at his desk early next morning. There were blood stains on the floor, upon the steel opener, and two white lilies were lying on his desk. Among those first to receive the news of the crime were an amateur detective known as

"PROBABILITY" JONES, an eccentric mathematician of extraordinary ability, and his stenographer,

MISS HOSANNA BEACH, a girl of rare talents in her employer's peculiar line of work, a system of deductions that embraced a superseries of "noughts and crosses," various diagrams and many algebraic characters. To Jones' great surprise, his fair assistant pleaded that they have nothing to do with this murder case should their aid be asked.

INSPECTOR CLAY, of the Homicide Bureau, did ask for Jones' aid, and was very prompt about it. Thereupon Jones and Hosanna left at once for the Embrich store. They found police and employes standing quietly about the place.

ELLEN MARTIN, Mr. Embrich's private secretary for many years, and

PHILIP GOODLOE, the murdered man's nephew, were among those grouped in front of the door opening into the private office. Inspector Clay was also present. Jones was first permitted to enter the private office.

At the desk sat the dead merchant, like a waxworks figure. Jones noted the bloodstained envelope opener and the two white lilies.

LUMPKIN, in charge of the store's restaurant, had been harshly reprimanded by Embrich for serving him greasy fried potatoes, and Lumpkin had that morning removed the tray from Miss Martin's office. Lumpkin was questioned by Inspector Clay, but little suspicion was attached to him. When Hosanna was permitted to view the body she flung herself upon her knees beside it and burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

Upon recovering herself Hosanna explained that her father had once been Mr. Embrich's partner, who, after her father's death, had adopted her.

Goodloe took occasion to explain that his father, now dead, had been Embrich's half-brother. He had parted with Phil's mother and later committed suicide. What became of his mother he was unable to state—he didn't know.

VINTNER, formerly in the employ of Embrich, had been sent to prison for six months for stealing from the store, and had threatened to get even with his employer upon his release. He was now at liberty and had been seen prowling about in the rear of the building.

According to Miss Martin, Embrich held Philip responsible for Hosanna's leaving. If he had kept away from the Friend girl all would have been well. The merchant threatened to cut his nephew out of his will, and they quarreled continually.

TIMSON, the assistant manager, was very wroth when questioned by Inspector Clay. He identified the envelope opener as his, but could not explain how it came on his employer's desk. He had heard Embrich and Goodloe quarreling early in the evening—their voices rising to a high pitch. After this Inspector Clay placed Philip under arrest and called a policeman.

Following this action inspection was then made of the Fothergill street entrance to the building, thru which the murderer was believed to have entered. Tracks of a woman's rubbers were found. Miss Martin was questioned about the habits of

DADDY MANN, the watchman, who when not on duty at the store was a sort of street preacher. He was a reliable employe and lived over in Flatbush. On being called to the store, he also told of Vintner's threats. He had found the Fothergill street door unlocked at 9:15 and had relocked it.

JENNY FRIEND, when brought in by the police, refused to answer the Inspector's questions. She was shown the blood-stained handkerchief with an embroidered "F" in one corner, which had been used to wipe up blood from the floor in Embrich's office, then stuffed down a waste-pipe. Clay accused Jenny of aiding Vintner in the crime. She wasn't there at all, she declared, but she had walked with Vintner early in the evening.

The story began in No. 43 the Ledger for Oct. 22. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

earnestly. "You can't believe——"

"Now don't you worry about him, Miss Beach. Just as soon as we've got hold of Vintner everything 'll come out. But, you see, if I was to let him go, with his prints on that envelope-opener, and anything happened later, pointing to him as an accessory—well, it'd mean my head! You see that, don't you?"

Clay's voice had in it a soft, conciliatory deference that appeared unusual. There was, however, a catlike quality in Clay, for all his brusqueness, that same hinting at secret knowledge which made him the terror of evildoers in the sweating-room.

Clay's soft voice had drawn confessions from men who had resisted all the efforts of the most accomplished third-degree masters on the detective force.

And Hosanna's eyes met Clay's in a long, steady look. Fearlessly the girl seemed to accept the Inspector's challenge to do battle on behalf of the man she loved. The stress of their conflicting wills, the knowledge that Clay meant to hold Goodloe till the last moment possible, for some obscure reason which he was unwilling to disclose, was perceptible even to Jones, whose observation was extremely limited.

For half a minute the two protagonists confronted each other, Hosanna's face set rigidly; Clay's suave, insinuating, altho his eyes were steel.

Clay turned to Jones. "Jenny Friend may or may not have been the woman who telephoned the house to find if Mr. Embrich was home," he went on. "I'm not saying nothing on that point till the time comes. But we've got the medical examiner's preliminary report, and he says the murder must have happened between 10 and 11 last night. That'd have left her plenty of time to get down to the store—if it was Jenny."

Hosanna interrupted: "Mann said that he locked the Fothergill street door at 9:45."

"Between that time and 10. Didn't seem certain," Clay corrected. "As to that, I guess the old fellow naturally wanted to put the best light on the door having been left open, and so we'll allow he locked up somewhere between 10 and a quarter past. Say the job was pulled off a few minutes after 10! That leaves us plenty of time.

"Second," continued Clay, with a note of exultation in his voice, "we've got another clew, which was found almost as soon as you'd left the store. It's a woman's hair, and it was found on Mr. Embrich's shoulder. And it corresponds in color pretty closely to Jenny Friend's.

"Of course, speaking impartially, we can't prove it's Jenny's. The courts haven't got to the point yet where they'll accept microscopic sections of hairs as showing ownership. It's not like fingerprints. It might belong to any woman with blond hair"—here he shot a sardonic glance at Hosanna's amber-colored tresses—"because there's no such thing as one-colored blond hair. It's always more or less of a mixture.

"Only it happens that Miss Beach didn't go near that partic'lar shoulder of Mr. Embrich's when she was in the office this mornin'. She was kneeling on the other side of him. This hair was on the shoulder nearest the window, and the woman who owned it leaned over Mr. Embrich's neck."

Clay leaned back and stretched out his legs.

"Of course, that don't prove it was Jenny who stabbed Mr. Embrich with the envelope-opener," he continued, "and for my part I don't believe she did. She wasn't in love with Mr. Embrich, as far as I can see, and it takes a woman in love, or else with some other desp'rate motive, to stick a man thru the body, especially when she'd got possession of the weapon deliberately.

"But no doubt she saw the job done, and I guess she and Vintner'll loosen up between them now, and we'll be able to get at the facts.

"I suppose that Miss Friend's room has been searched?' Jones queried.

"What for? growled Clay, who seemed rather taken aback by the question.

"Why, to find if she had any more handkerchiefs like that one that was discovered at the store. And then there's those rubbers with the circles on the soles that you were speaking about."

Clay's face resumed its sardonic mask. "I reckon you think there's a doubt about Jenny," he answered. "Well, we're not exactly greenhorns or amatoors in the police department, Mr. Jones.

"Jenny's room was searched, and I admit we found nothing doing along either of those two lines. But that makes no hit with me, because, I guess Jenny had sense enough to hide her tracks after she got home. It was her feelin's after she'd seen Mr. Embrich murdered before her eyes that made her fool enough to try to clean the floor with her handkerchief, and then to stuff it in the waste-pipe, thinkin' it wouldn't be found there. That's the sort of fool trick gives 'em away every time.

"And as for the rubbers—why, that pattern's not rare enough to help us. They're selling 'em at most of the stores. That leads nowhere."

"And what about the lilies?" Jones inquired.

"Lilies? Oh, yes." Clay was silent for a moment. "Well, I give it up. I cannot fathom the reason for them—just now. They're selling lilies in the shops everywhere this time of the year."

"Well, I guess I've put you wise now, Mr. Jones," he continued, getting up heavily. "It's a clear trail, and when we've got Vintner you'll see that it's him and Jenny all right. And then, Miss Beach, Mr. Goodloe'll have every chance to show he hadn't nothing to do with it."

He opened the door for Hosanna. The three passed out. As Jones and the girl were about to descend the steps, Clay called to them.

"I've been thinkin' over that little discrepancy between Mann's evidence and the medical examiner's opinion," he said. "I'd like to get Daddy Mann to admit he locked that door a little later than he thought he did. It's not of the first importance, but it'd straighten out a little kink if he changed his mind by a few minutes. I guess I'll run out to Flatbush tonight and have a talk with him. If you and Miss Beach think you'd like to come, I'll pick you up in the car at the bridge entrance about 8."

Jones agreed, and arrangements were made. Clay accompanied them down the steps, and parted with a wave of the hand and a booming salutation. Hosanna, glancing back toward the house, shuddered, and uttered a little cry. Jones, following her look, perceived the furtive, pallid face of Peck watching them from the edge of the closing door.

The door closed with slow deliberateness. The sunshine of the streets was doubly welcome after the gloom of the interior.

"I don't like that fellow," said Jones.

Hosanna did not answer, but hurried at his side toward the car.

CHAPTER X.

CLAY'S car was waiting for them when they reached the bridge entrance a few minutes after 8 that night. A fairly long drive thru Flatbush brought them to Mann's house. It proved to be a tiny, ancient, rather dilapidated wooden building, standing in a little, weedy garden, and surrounded by waste fields producing scrub growth and rusty wire in almost equal proportions.

A tousled-haired boy, with locks as red as a carrot, and an honest grin that put an extra dent in his snub nose, opened the door. Clay wore plain clothes, but the boy stood to attention like a policeman.

"Hello, kid!" exclaimed the Inspector. "I didn't know this was your beat."

Clay looked from the grinning boy to Jones. "This is the kid I get my evenin' paper from regular," he said. "So Daddy Mann's your father, is he?" he continued. "I see the resemblance now. If you're a good lad we'll make a good policeman of you some day. Nobody's goin' to guess he ain't an Irishman," he added, winking at Jones. "Maybe you've got some brothers, too?"

"Nope. There never was nobody but me and sis," answered the boy.

"So you've got a sister, eh? Where does she work?" asked Clay.

"I d'no. She don't live here no more," returned the boy. A stubborn look came on his face. Clay cast his quick glance at him again.

"Well, s'pose you tell your father there's a lady and two gentlemen to see him," he suggested.

"Dad ain't in. He's gone with mom to the meeting."

"Well, I guess we can wait for them. Won't be long, I suppose?" said Clay, leading the way into the shanty.

The room they entered was a little parlor-kitchen, home papered with scraps of many different patterns. A grandfather clock ticked in one corner. The walls were covered with religious mottoes, worked in worsted on cards, and there were some British oleographs of ancient date, in dingy gilt frames, depicting such subjects as Queen Victoria on her Jubilee day, and the Balaklava veteran watching his grandchild playing at soldiers.

"So your sister's not working now?" Clay inquired. "Where does she live?"

"I d'no nothing about her," answered

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the boy stubbornly. I guess pop put her out for good last summer. Ma's awful sore about it. I c'n hear her cryin' in the night sometimes, when pop ain't snorin'."

"That's a pity," said Clay, drawing the inevitable conclusion as to the reason—at least, he showed no disposition to ask it. He made a slow circuit of the room, examining the furniture and pictures with apparent interest.

"I guess your dad brought these from the old country?" he asked, waving his hand toward the portrait of Queen Victoria."

"Aw, pop's a back number," answered the boy scornfully. "Never knows nothin'. I guess he thinks we Americans are still a British colony. Gee, I'm glad he's a Welshman, anyway, and not an Englishman!

"I'll tell you what the trouble is," he went on confidentially. "He come here too old. Why I was born on the ship they sailed on, and I'm 13 last January. Pop's 65, and mom's nearly 60. Ain't it a shame to have an old pair like that for your family?"

Clay scowled. "That's no way to talk of your father and mother, son," he answered.

"Well, I didn't mean nothin'. But honest, they're too old to have any fun left in 'em. All they think about's going to prayer-meeting. I guess dad was always that way, only he's got worse of late. But mom wasn't. At least, I c'n remember when she wasn't. Now she's got as bad at dad."

"See here, son, you've got a mighty good father," said Clay, "and I guess your mother's a pretty good woman. And the quicker you follow in their tracks, the sooner you'll be fit to make a good man of yourself."

"Well, I think it's a shame the way they put Dolly out of the house just because she liked fun better than goin' to prayer-meetin's," said the lad obstinately. "I told pop straight I'd take my religion Sundays, and, if he didn't like it, I was payin' me way anyhow.

"Gee, pop got mad! I guess he'd have put me out, too, only mom wouldn't stand for it. 'You put one child out of your home instead of saving her,' she said, 'and this one's mine. He's mine, and he stays!' she says. And when mom gets that kind of fit, what she says goes."

"Humph!" snorted Clay in some disgust. "I guess it's a good ways from here to the bridge. If I'd thought of it, Mr. Jones, we might have stopped there and looked up Mann at his meeting, instead of comin' all this way."

"Why, pop ain't at the bridge meeting!" exclaimed the boy. "He and mom don't go there no more. They've got a new meeting place on Avenue Q, just round the corner. I guess you'll find them there all right"

"Well, what d'you say, then, Mr. Jones?" suggested Clay. "No sense waiting here."

"I guess we might as well be moving," answered Jones.

They went out. Hosanna, who had not come into the room, joined them. The boy followed them to the garden gate. "It's over there," he said. "You c'n hear the meetin' if you listen hard."

They listened. Boom! Boom! came the faint sound of a beaten drum.

"Come on!" said Clay, jumping unceremoniously into the machine. "No use wasting time here. We'll pull up a block away. I reckon those Salvationists might be scared if we were to drive right into 'em and yank Daddy Mann out by the hair."

The increasing noise of drum and cymbals guided them. They stopped at the corner, and walked to the place of the meeting, on an empty lot near by. It was an outdoors service of the familiar type, conducted apparently for the benefit of those who owned the few jerry-built shanties dumped here and there about the waste. As they approached, they saw Daddy Mann standing beside the box on which a preacher was holding forth.

It was not a Salvation Army meeting, but apparently one of some small, local body of enthusiasts belonging to some minor sect. There were some score of persons present.

Beside Mann stood a tiny old woman in a shawl and black bonnet, with a harassed, lined, motherly face, now rapt in enthusiasm.

The preacher finished his harangue a few minutes after the arrival of the party, and, after a hymn, the meeting began to disperse. Clay waited till Mann and his wife came face to face with him. Then he put his hand on the watchman's shoulder. Mann looked up calmly, and recognized him.

"Pretty enthusiastic meeting you folks have been holding, Mann," he said.

"Yes, sir." Mann looked inquiringly out of his very bright, dark eyes.

"Just ran out your way to ask you something I didn't get quite straight this morning. Fine little place you have out here." He beamed at the old lady. "And that's a bright boy of yours, Mann. Many a time I've bought my evening paper from him, and never knew who he was. He'll be making the force one of these days, I guess. And, when he's ready, just send him along to me."

"Yes, sir," said Mann, "he's smart enough, and he'll make a good man when he's got more sense in him, if he doesn't get led astray."

"Bob's a good boy," said the old woman.

"I'm sure of it, ma'am," responded Clay heartily. "I've had by eye on him, like most of the youngsters I see, and I saw he had the makings of a good man in him, as well as of a good policeman. Tho, to my way of thinkin', there's not much difference between them."

Clay had quite cast away the sardonic, and was plainly speaking from his heart. But then the mask that he had removed came back upon his face as he asked.

"You haven't another child, Mann, I suppose?"

"I have one child, and but one," answered Mann, with a sudden, harsh quaver in his voice.

"'Tiss not so!" cried the little old woman, with surprising vehemence. "'Tiss not so. A mother neffer forgets her child. A mother neffer casts her off. A mother's mind can neffer forget. A mother's heart iss with all the childer she's bore."

"I have but one child, and I know of only one," repeated Mann stubbornly. "What iss dead to me iss dead."

"Dead to you, but not to me!" exclaimed his wife with intense bitterness. She turned back to Clay. "Sir, I'll tell you," she began. "He drove his daughter from his house—yess, sir, his daughter, her that had been his heart's pride, because she made a false step, driven to it by a father's harshness."

"Enough, wife!" said Mann fiercely. His eyes gleamed with cold anger. It was a strange scene in the now deserted meeting place and the old couple fought over their battle with an intensity of passion that overcame all pride.

"'Tiss not enough, and neffer shall be enough, husband! Had he given her his love as he gave it to the Lord, she would neffer have done what she did, sir. Stubborn, wrathful, and doubting, how shall you stand before your Maker at the lasst day and say, 'I drove her forth?'"

CLAY thought it time to intervene, for the quarrel seemed flaring up still more fiercely. "Well, Mrs. Mann, these family troubles are hard," he said. "Most of us have them. But I wanted to speak to your husband about Mr. Embrich. It must have been a shock to you when you learned of his death."

"It wass more than that," said the old woman, her quiet, motherly manner returning. "It wass more than a shock, sir. It wass a blow that I'll feel so long as I live. And so will he. Mr. Embrich wass the best master who ever lived whateffer."

Jones recalled that Mann had said almost that identical thing in the office that morning.

"He wass so good," said Mrs. Mann, now frankly crying. "He wass more like a friend than a master. Once, when my husband wass sick with the pneumony—the doctor said he couldn't live—Mr. Embrich came here himself—yess, drove in his car to bring him medicine and fruit, and a great basket of flowers!

"Then, sir, there was the things he gave us, and the care he showed for Bobby. He wass going to take him into hiss store when the boy left school, till he wass big enough to decide whether he wanted to be a policeman. And now—it's all gone. He's dead. I can't believe it, sir."

She rubbed her frayed sleeve-end over her old, wrinkled eyes. "Aye, the world's a queer place, sir," she said, "and sometimes I've wondered whether it mightn't be the hell we're told about, and us not knowing it."

"Hush, wife!" said Mann. He turned to the Inspector. "What wass it that you wished to ask me about, sir?" he inquired.

"Why, Mann, you didn't answer one of my questions quite correctly this morning," answered Clay. "There's pretty strong reason to suppose you didn't lock that Fothergill street door at half-past 10 yesterday night. And maybe you didn't lock it at all, but only imagined you did."

"By the Big Man——" began the

(Continued on Page 20.)

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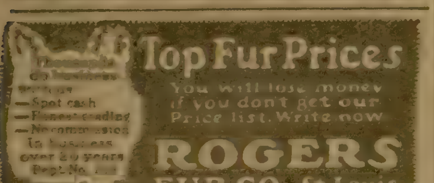
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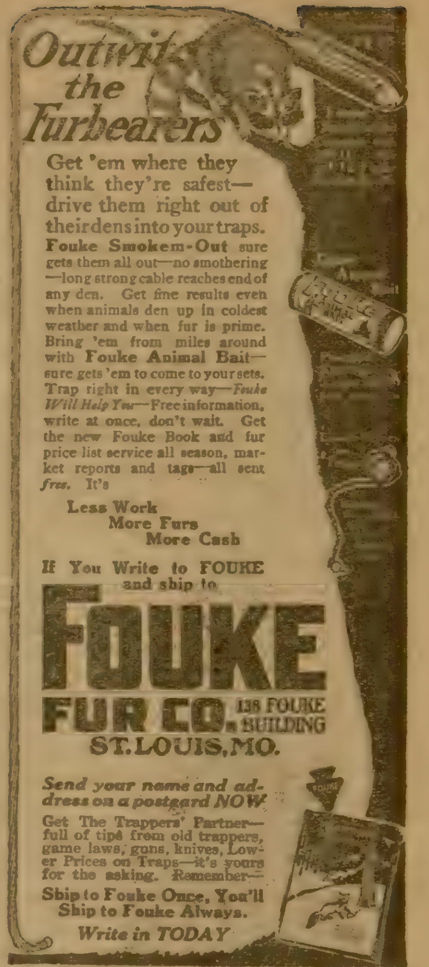
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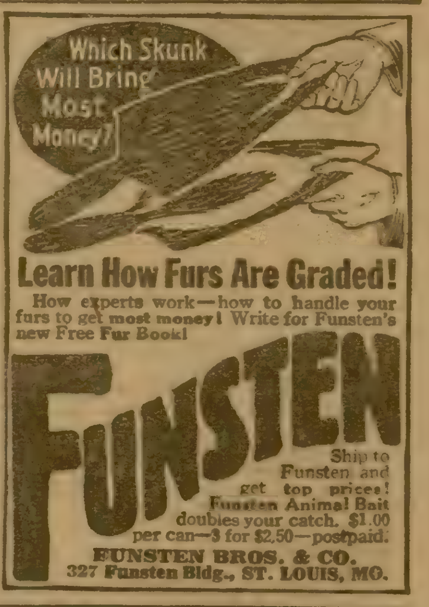
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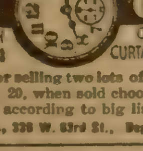

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Hope's Busy Day

(Continued From Page 4.)

his eyes—black and impalpable as pitch—fairly scorched Hope's face. Tho the secretary had never met Colonel le Comte d'Yvoir he knew that this penetrating-eyed fellow was he.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," said the Frenchman, with scarcely the trace of an accent. "Does your name happen to be Hope?"

"Yes."

"You were at Moon-Acres this morning, and helped Blanche—that is to say, Mademoiselle Carlisle, out of an unpleasant predicament."

Hope nodded.

"As I came in this office I passed two young lady employes. They were discussing you and Mademoiselle Carlisle. They seem to be disciples of that portion of the dramatic art exemplified in the cinematograph—that is to say, they are maudlin sentimentalists. They seem to be laboring under the delusion that you are in love with Blanche. Is that true?"

The father-in-law joke that the office had invented, and was taking seriously! Hope was not a cad. He never tried to give the impression that he was a "lady-killer," but this affair was different.

Whether or not the colonel and Miss Carlisle loved each other was no concern of his. He had nothing to do with either of them. If D'Yvoir had approached him in a comradely way Henry would have been glad to relieve the Frenchman's mind of worry on that score. No one had ever appealed in vain to his generosity. Had the Blue Devil's attitude been less than that of feudal lord to his vassal the secretary would immediately have explained the matter. But D'Yvoir's insolent manner tightened his lips.

"Is that true?" repeated the Frenchman sharply.

Hope smiled gently. "I cannot conceive what method of reasoning has led you to the conclusion that you have the right to question me. If I did love Miss Carlisle I should not feel obliged to explain the matter to you."

"You—you——" The count checked himself abruptly, and walked away. Henry saw the stenographers' bobbing heads turn while their eyes followed him to the door. Then the smile faded from his own lips, for directly behind him, rocking gently on his heels, stood Kingsley Gould Carlisle. And Henry Hope had intimated that he loved that personage's daughter!

The secretary gulped down his anger at the false position in which he was placed. He could foresee only one end to this affair in spite of the service he had rendered that morning. Tomorrow Carlisle would seek a new secretary and Henry a new job. Pride of position was the millionaire's dominant trait. To strike at that was to blast the very foundation of his being. It would be sacrilege in his eyes for a fifty-dollar-a-week stenographer to aspire to Blanche's hand. Hope didn't—but Carlisle thought he did, which was just as bad. Explanations in a case like this were useless.

"Mr. Hope," said the president, with ominously exaggerated politeness, "will you be good enough to step into my office?"

Henry did so.

"I understand that you love my daughter," stated K. G., when the ground-glass door had closed behind them. Then, before Hope could say a word, he continued: "Why didn't you tell me that before? I've always liked you, and that liking turned to real admiration and affection when Blanche telephoned me how gallantly you risked your life to save hers. Bless my soul, she loves you, too——"

Hope stared at his employer in amazement. Had the Statue of Liberty stepped down from her pedestal and asked him to take her to tea at the Biltmore he would have felt it mildly surprising compared with this confession. Something had happened to shatter the money-based caste consciousness of the president of the International Exporting Company and his beautiful daughter. What was it? What did it mean? He did not want to marry Blanche. He loved——

"Why—why——" he stammered, "the colonel——"

"D—n the colonel. Frankly, he isn't the man I thought he was. Besides, he can't give Blanche the luxuries you can afford."

The luxuries he could afford! Why, his whole year's salary would not be sufficient to pay for one of Miss Carlisle's fur coats. The heat of the strain of that Crucible Steel amalgamation must have turned the old man's brain.

The International Company's president was watching him. He began to chuckle.

"You didn't get a letter from McComber and Henley, the lawyers, before leaving home this morning, did you?"

"No. I haven't been at my boarding-house since Friday night. I spent the week-end in New Haven, you know, and came directly here this morning. Why?"

Carlisle chuckled.

"Oh, it isn't anything very important, except that your Uncle Turner in Aus-

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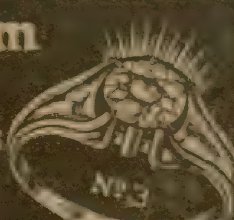

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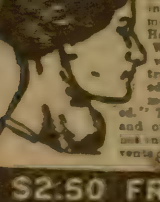

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tralia died, and left you about ten million dollars. Old McComber was telling me about it this morning while you were out to Moon-Acres!"

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1 TO 6 P. M.

HOPE knew that Carlisle was not joking. His preamble had been entirely too serious for that. Yet the very idea of Uncle Turner leaving him ten million dollars was preposterous. Henry recalled his avuncular relative as being a mild-eyed, shabby man, with no large amount of ambition. He had revolted at the darkness of Derry and gone to Australia. Either he had been wiser than he looked, or else was extremely lucky.

Ten million dollars!

Very calmly Henry Hope turned the matter over in his mind. The inheritance of that vast sum did not stir him particularly. He had confidence enough in himself to believe that some day he would reach the top by his own, unaided efforts. Yet the fortune would be a wonderful thing. Why, he could help Tommy Conklin right away. Yet, there was Faith to convince.

The Kesslers had always been orthodox Disciples. By their narrow code the accumulation of wealth was a sin. Faith was a dutiful daughter, and attended the meetings with her mother and father while they lived. Hope understood the power of environment; how it gradually colors a person's mind. She would probably look on this fortune of his with horror.

Mr. Carlisle's oily voice aroused him from his abstraction.

"My boy," said the president of the International, "you are very wealthy now. And to think that you and Blanche really loved each other when you were penniless." The old pirate mooned sentimentally over that thought, tho, if the inheritance had not dropped out of a blue sky, he probably would have considered even the thought of Hope's love nauseating.

"You are sure there is no mistake about the money?" the secretary asked.

It appeared that no mistake was possible. McComber and Henley had gone into the matter thoroly, and old McComber had left a copy of the will for Hope's perusal. It was as brief as Uncle Turner had been in life:

> I will and bequeath ten million dollars in cash, that I have deposited in various New York banks, to my nephew, Henry Harrison Hope, together with the lease on an apartment at 76½ Riverside Drive. The moneys for all expenses will be advanced to him, and the full amount paid within one month.

Henry tossed the document back on his employer's desk. "Good enough," he said laconically.

"It certainly is."

At that moment Blanche Carlisle entered the office. Her skin was as tropically white as a magnolia leaf, and the beauty of curved cheek and rounded figure was exquisite.

"My dear," said her father with heavy playfulness, "Henry has told me that he loves you. I have known for a long time that you cared for him, so I have given my consent to your marriage."

"Thanks, dad." She walked across the room to where Henry Hope sat, and laid her hand on his shoulder. "You do love me, don't you? I guessed it this morning when you saved my life."

"Umph!" said Hope, expressively.

He saw that he was trapped. For some reason or other Carlisle seemed suddenly to desire him for a son-in-law—and that could hardly be accounted for entirely on the grounds of money. Henry understood how entirely ruthless his employer was. If he tried to wriggle out of this situation now by denying, for instance, that he cared at all for Blanche, there would be complications. Old K. G. was vindictive enough to withdraw his protection, and have Henry locked up as a material witness in the sleeper murder. Worse yet, he would probably institute a breach of promise suit, with its attendant notoriety, that would effectually kill all Henry's chances with Faith. Hope felt that he could not be involved more deeply than he was, and, if he postponed the crisis, he would, at least, have time to think things over. He rose with the gesture of the Dying Gaul.

"I am not going back to Moon-Acres tonight," said Blanche. "Edith Willing wants me to stay in town. So, if you have any place that you want to go you can take the car after dropping me at Edith's."

"Thank you," Hope accepted. "I think that I'll stop at McComber and Henley's. By the way, Mr. Carlisle, you might write a check for five thousand dollars—payable to Tommy Conklin."

There was quite a flurry in the general offices of the International Exporting Company when Henry Hope walked out of the president's sanctum, with the hand of "the most beautiful woman in America" cuddled in the crook of his elbow. There were excited whispers of comment. Office Boy George hoped that Henry would forget the "poppa-in-law" episode that miraculously seemed to be coming true.

Henry strolled over to Tommy's desk, and dropped the folded check on the blotter.

"This will fix you up, old man," he said. "Go after McCue hard."

For the second time that day he entered the Carlisle limousine, and admitted to himself, with a sigh, that this was his busy day. At 6 o'clock on the verge of arrest for a murder in which he had been the intended victim; at 9 a bustling business man; at 11 almost a hero; at 2 a multimillionaire, and at 3 the fiance of a girl whom he did not want to marry.

He dropped Blanche at her destination, and then drove to the offices of McComber and Henley. Old McComber was a reticent, fussy man, who apparently believed there was nothing unusual in the bequest. He didn't want to talk very much, but bored Hope exceedingly with his long silences and vagueness. After several hours of this Henry decided to leave.

"Wait a minute," drooled McComber, "there is something I want to tell. It slipped my mind—oh, yes, I have it now. Mr. Carlisle telephoned me shortly before your arrival, asking me to inform you that a man named Dawson had escaped—he didn't tell me from what——"

Dawson had escaped!

Hope frowned, and then smiled grimly. Undoubtedly, the fellow would try to kill him again, so eternal vigilance was the price he must pay for his life so long as the gaunt Disciple of Poverty roamed at large. Well—he shrugged his shoulders—it was not so bad as it sounded. He could take care of himself.

Among the details he had wormed out of McComber was the address of the Riverside drive apartment that Uncle Turner kept leased against a possible return to the States. Henry felt a sudden urge to look on this place that stood as a modern symbol of his vine and fig tree. So he entered the limousine again, and directed James to drive thence.

The apartment-house—in the early hundreds—was extremely ornate; the elevator rococo and gold; the attendants obsequious and tip-hopeful. Everything was tastefully expensive, and looked it.

Hope left the elevator on the fifth floor, and rang the bell at apartment K.

Faith Kessler opened the door!

A big surprise, indeed, for Henry Hope! What could his sweetheart be doing here in his newly-acquired apartments? What new situation was this now confronting him? Was this some more of the revengeful Dawson's evil work? Was the lovely Faith also arrayed against him? Probably these were some of the questions that flitted thru his puzzled mind at sight of his fiancee. This new mystery will be solved in the second and concluding part of the story, in the Ledger next week.

* * *

No Arrest.

IT WAS a woman with her hair down, and her arms bare, who ran up to a patrolman on the street, and, as soon as she could get her breath she gasped out:

"Come along, sir! Come with me!"

"What's the matter?" was asked.

"My husband is breaking up the furniture and I want him arrested!"

"Can't you stop him?"

"No, sir. He said he would break me, if I interfered with him."

"I think I had better arrest both of you," said the officer. "This is the fifth or sixth quarrel you have had in a month."

"Then, sir, arrest us both," said the woman. "Take us to the police station and lock us up in a cell, and I warrant you that by morning my husband won't have half a hair left on his head. That is what I want—to get him alone somewhere where he can't dodge me."

The officer did not make any arrest.

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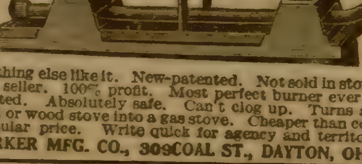

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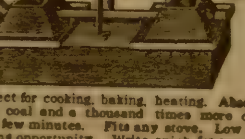

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Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Mortgage On Roaring Dick

(Concluded From Page 9.)

associated dimly with the Army's Red Cross.

The doctor saw that his eyes were opened, and bent over.

"You're going to be all right," said he. "The bullets didn't go in far, and we got them all. How do you feel?"

"Voila toot!" Morison replied dazedly. "Pleased to meet you, sure. She doesn't spell it Ma-ree, Ma-e, or Ma-i."

"What did he say?" the doctor asked the nurse.

"Voila toot," muttered Roaring Dick. "Soldiers' Hankbook of Foreign Words and Phrases. Easy for the Beginner. Dieu et mon droit. Try it."

The nurse shook her head. "I don't get him at all. Maybe the girl would know. Besides, we promised to call her when he came around."

She hastened away and hastened back, and ahead of her by a good two yards was not Marie, Mae, Mai, but Mary.

"Dick!"

"Mostly all here," smiled Morison. He remembered now. She took up one of his bandaged hands as carefully as tho she feared she'd break it. He went on: "Some little joyride we had, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Listen, Dick. A lot has happened that you don't know about. If it won't worry you—it's all good news——"

"Go right on, mon chere petit chemin de fer!" he urged.

Mary Wardlaw turned to the doctor and the nurse and glanced meaningly toward the door. They went out. She took a chair beside Dick's bed.

"Well," she began happily, "when you had so much trouble with your outfit, Dick, I figured you'd blame it either on dad or Caxton, because they both wanted the outfit. And you did; you thought it was dad! Dick, In Smith was working for Caxton all along; don't you see? Dad was too contrary to set you right, and I decided I'd do it. But when I met you on the bridge the first time and told you to keep your eyes open, I wasn't sure it wasn't dad—don't you see?

"But later," she continued, "dad told me he hadn't done anything to hurt you, and I started for your camp to tell you this. It was on the afternoon when In Smith came back from Caxton's camp with the eighteen men. I ran into Smith and the new crew, and Smith was explaining how they were to wreck everything. They saw that I'd overheard, and Smith ran after me. But I got away from him, and went back home. Dad wouldn't go to tell you about it—he said it was your funeral, and not his; then I decided I would go to tell you. He said I needn't ever come back, if I went—I've never seen him so furious! But I went. Smith stopped me at the bridge; he knew I'd spill the beans for him; and—then you came."

"I see," frowned Morison. "And where did our good ship land?"

"I was going to tell," smiled Mary Wardlaw. "The bridge jammed right thru the jail yard fence, and all those nineteen men were wanted, and the sheriff has them, and you're to get several thousand dollars in rewards! It seems, Dick, that Caxton's camp was a sort of hiding place for desperate characters. Isn't it lucky for us—for you, Dick?"

"Lucky for us is right," said Dick. "And so your dad said you needn't ever come back. I wonder if he'll get over it?"

As tho in answer—heavy footfalls sounded at the door and old Joab Wardlaw, his hat in his hand, strode in. Already he was sorry, and he was going to make such amends as he could. He walked straight to his daughter and gave her a folded document, smiled at Dick Morison, turned and walked straight out. Mary soon recognized the paper for what it was.

"Oh, it's the mortgage on you, Dick," she half whispered—"and he's paid it off and given it to me! So I'll own you, the same as a farm, until you pay me eight thousand dollars——"

"I'd as well tell you now," said Roaring Dick, reaching for her with both hands, "that I'll never pay it."

* * *

An Encore Unawares.

WHEN Masefield, the British poet, visited Yale, he finished his evening's talk and readings earlier than was expected, and the chairman of the meeting suggested that the poet should read any poem requested by the audience. The audience, as usually happens, was dumb. It was an awkward moment. Finally one of the younger English department members rushed agitatedly into the breach.

"Won't you please read 'The Tewksbury Road?' Mr. Masefield?"

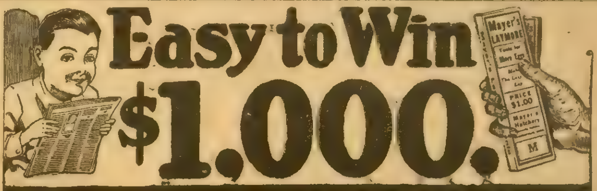
The poet looked amazed, then puzzled, and at last said with a hesitating desire not to offend, "the singular Americans:" "Ah—er—I—ah!—would be charmed to do so—really—but I've just read it!"

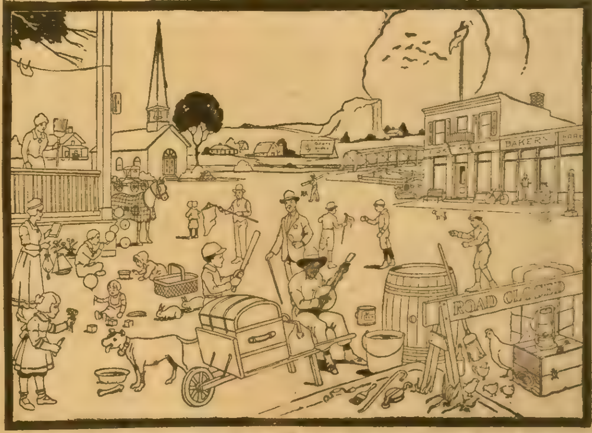
* * *

New "Court of Miracles."

A NEW "court of miracles," so vividly described by Victor Hugo in the novel, "Notre Dame," has been discovered in Paris. Every night the beggars of the city—blind men, lame men, deaf men, dumb men, paralyzed men—came to the house of the "King of Egypt," behind the town hall, and in true beggars' style spent their no mean "earnings" in revelry all night long. Neighbors complained to the police, who one night recently descended on the "court of miracles" with an ejectment order.

But not at all disheartened, the beggars set up house again in the open air on a piece of waste ground and the revelry began afresh. The blind saw, the deaf heard, armless men took out musical instruments and played, while the cripples flung down their crutches and merrily fox-trotted in the ruddy glare of a camp fire. The police were met by a stubborn resistance and blows were rained on them with crutches. Next morning they returned to the charge and the "King and Queen of Egypt" were led to the police station.





HOW MANY OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH "B" CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?

The picture above contains a number of objects beginning with the letter "B." See how many you can find. There are all sorts of things in the picture that begin with "B"—such as boy, broom, basket, etc. Nothing is hidden; you don't have to turn the picture upside-down or sidewise; all objects are in plain view. You'll be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes study. It makes no difference if you are six or sixty—all can participate in this puzzle game from the tiniest child to Grandpa and Grandma. Sit down NOW and try it—then, send in your list and try for the big prizes offered by the Mayer Company and the Chicago Ledger, for the best answers to this Picture Puzzle.

CASH PRIZES GIVEN

Fifteen cash prizes will be given for the fifteen best lists of words submitted in answer to this puzzle. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of words will be awarded 1st prize; the second best, second prize, etc

Mayer Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota, in combination with the Chicago Ledger, are offering these big cash prizes for the purpose of popularizing Mayer's Famous LAYMORE and to interest new readers in the Chicago Ledger, America's Greatest Weekly Story Paper

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It costs nothing to take part in this Picture Puzzle and you do not have to send in a combination order for LAYMORE and the CHICAGO LEDGER to win a prize. If your list of words is awarded first prize by the judges, you will win $20, but if you would like to win more than $20, we are making some dandy cash prize offers during this Puzzle Campaign, whereby you can win bigger cash prizes by sending in an order for either one of the following combination offers:

COMBINATION OFFER NO. 1

5 One Dollar Packages LAYMORE
— and —
The Chicago Ledger
(One year)
Both for only $4.00

COMBINATION OFFER NO. 2

15 One Dollar Packages LAYMORE
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THE PRIZES

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

	Prizes given if no orders are sent	Prizes given if one $4 order is sent	Prizes given if one $7 order is sent
1st Prize....	$20.00	$300.00	$1,000.00
2nd Prize....	10.00	150.00	500.00
3rd Prize....	5.00	75.00	250.00
4th Prize....	5.00	50.00	125.00
5th Prize....	5.00	30.00	75.00
6th Prize....	3.00	20.00	50.00
7th Prize....	3.00	15.00	40.00
8th Prize....	2.00	10.00	30.00
9th Prize....	2.00	10.00	20.00
10th to 15th	2.00	10.00	20.00

(In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be given)

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any man, woman, girl or boy living in the United States, but residing outside of Minneapolis, Chicago and St. Paul, who is not an employe or relative of a employe of the Mayer Company or the Chicago Ledger may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December [illegible] and sent to Mayer Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered consecutively 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use hyphenated, compound or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once, however, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. There will be three independent judges having no connection with the Mayer Company, or the Chicago Ledger, who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following three registered Minnesota school teachers now teaching in the public schools of St. Paul, Minn., have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition:
   Miss Mable Claire Kline, Miss Meta Goetsche and Miss Laura Johnson
9. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for one of our Combination Offers is sent in.
10. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person sending in a remittance for either one of our Combination Offers.

(Extra copies of Puzzle Picture free on request)

You can win $1000

HERE'S THE PLAN If your answer wins first prize and you have sent us $4 for our Combination Offer No. 1, you will receive $300 as your prize, instead of $20; second prize, $150; third prize $75, etc. (See 2nd column in prize list.)

Or if your answer is awarded first prize by the judges and you have sent us $7 for our Combination Offer No. 2, you will receive $1,000 as your prize, instead of $20; second prize, $500; third prize $250, etc. (See 3rd column in prize list.)

Although it is not necessary to send in an order to win a prize, a trial order for LAYMORE will convince you that it is the biggest prize after all in the increased egg production it will bring you, and with this offer you will get the Chicago Ledger for fifty-two full weeks, a great big story paper to be enjoyed by every member of the family.

It takes only one order for our Combination Offer No. 2 at $7.00 for you to qualify your answer for the BIG $1,000 REWARD. Absolutely a $7 order is all.

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MAYER COMPANY
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El Camino's Mystery Girl

(Continued From Page 6)

trail ran to the west of its barren mountains and only joined the mission trail far south of the Llanos de Santa Maria, the plans, or more properly desert, into which their way led them from the hills. Ten leagues across the shifting sands and cacti-grown waste, they must make their way without water. It was, because the speed must be regulated by the burros and the men feared to trust their natives to follow with the slower animals, to be a two-day march. Even at that each would be a long day, with a dry camp intervening and due caution was used in filling the canteens at the abundant water holes of Santa Maria before the start was made.

The justification of Captain Haworth's fears to have the American girl cross this waste without a competent guide, was shown by every mile covered. The trail was at no place plainly distinct. occasionally nothing that could really be regarded as a camino would be visible for a league or more. But for having set their course and marked it by a peak at distant Calamyget, toward which mining camp they headed, their progress might have been an aimless wandering.

"Of course, she may have taken the beaten camino south from San Fernando," the captain observed. "But I cannot rid myself of the notion that she came via Santa Maria. She may not have found it the place she expected and not have tarried. We'll hear something when we get to Calamyget, anyhow. She must have gone thru there, unless she is away over on the Pacific side of the peninsula."

On the rare stretches of marked trail which they followed, the scientist was surprised by observance of broken glass at intervals. He inquired the cause.

"You wouldn't think that glass had been there seventy years, would you," came his companion's comment. "Those bits are what's left of bottles of water that gold seekers used to carry thru here in the early '50s. You see, there was such a rush across the Isthmus of Panama in the early California gold days, that there were not ships enough on the Pacific side to carry the gold-seekers up the west coast. Lots of them used to charter Mexican fishing boats and beat up the coast until they got to La Paz, on the tip of the Lower California peninsula. Then they'd gallop shank's ponies the fourteen hundred miles up thru the Californias to the gold fields. The lower end of those miles were mighty thirsty ones, too, believe me. Many a whisky bottle was emptied down below here to fill it with more precious water for crossing the Llanos de Santa Maria, and there's more than one Yankee has laid in this alien soil for seventy years unmarked."

The trip was not, from the collector's standpoint, entirely a profitless one. He caught one sight of distant antelope, but scorned to becloud the real object of the journey by pursuing. More considerate, in remaining upon a giant cactus until a shot was possible, was a big bob-cat who fell a victim to Macomber's fatal accuracy. The professor retired to his bed in a distinctly better frame of mind than did Captain Bill.

The latter was annoyed with the slowness made. By his reckoning half the distance to the next water had not been covered and a second dry camp for the succeeding night was in prospect. He grumbled eloquently in two languages.

A full moon, not visible at the early hour at which the party retired, awakened Macomber in the night by shining directly in his face, for in this land no one ever thought of erecting a tent for a night's stay. At least, he was first of the thought that it was the moon awakened him. An instant later, when fully aroused he became aware of a metallic tapping, as of a horse's shod feet, hitting on stones. The animal which Captain Haworth rode, the only horse with the party, was also the only shod mount. That this animal was able to travel thus, having like the others been hobbled lest they wander too far from camp in search of water, seemed unaccountable. The professor sat bolt upright to solve the mystery. He became aware of a little hiss and beheld blinking at him from his side, the alert eyes of the captain, whose hand was enjoining silence.

Into the almost daylike radiance of the moon a man could be plainly seen approaching on horseback, driving before him another horse as a pack animal. Since the Macomber-Haworth party was camped almost upon the trail, which was here visible, he was headed straight for it. Suddenly his forward horse lifted its head in surprise at what it was approaching and the man himself sharply reigned up.

"Who are you?" called Captain Haworth.

The forward horse was hit a sudden blow by the mounted man, in an attempt to drive it about, but instead the animal plunged forward in astonishment toward that which had a moment before frightened it. The man himself turned and dashed away over the rough going among the cacti, at a gallop.

The camp was in an uproar in an instant, with every one up, for none had thought of disrobing and it required but the slipping on of boots and grasping of guns to be ready for any eventuality. Macomber ran Captain Bill a close race in pursuit of the heavily packed horse, which they overhauled and led back to camp. There the Mexicans, in fright, were coaxed out of the hiding places they had sought and induced to start a blaze.

His mind instantly fixing on the likeness of this encounter with that above Alamo, nearly three weeks ago, Macomber lost no time in collaring little Alfredo and leading him to an inspection of the horse

"Whose is it?" the professor demanded.

"Pedro Lopez," came the quick answer from the boy, once the employe of that redoubtable guide.

"Hum, Pedro! All get back to bed and we'll wait for morning and Pedro. He'll be here after the animal, it's probably carrying all the water he has," commanded Captain Bill.

But when the natives had retired, the old prospector confided a different plan to his American companion.

"That fellow ran like a guilty man. He will not be back unless he is desperate. I am going to follow after him. I have as good a horse."

"Not alone you are not. I am going with you," Macomber insisted. "Besides you can't go far, the moon will not last. Wait until daylight and we will either send the Indian and Alfredo on toward the next water hole or back toward Santa Maria, while we chase this fellow. No use going off half-cock on this thing."

For an instant the older man seemed on the point of explosion against this taking of the initiative by his younger companion. Then, recognizing the voice of a man who knew as much about the

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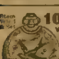

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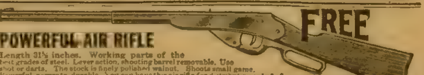

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open as he did himself, he quietly said:

"You talk sense. Wake up before daylight."

Both were up long before the sun appeared; indeed, it is doubtful if either obtained much sleep. The natives did not take kindly to the role in which they had been cast, that of journeying south alone. Their faces were woe-begone until it was pointed out to them that they were possessors of all the water, except a little that could be carried in saddle canteens on Haworth's horse and Macomber's mule. They were instructed in case of failure of their master to return before nightfall to make another dry camp and set up a big fire, which they were to keep burning all night if necessary.

As impossible as had been the tracing of prints in the hills about Santa Maria was the following now of any track of the horseman of the night. Practically the only course open to the men was to jump to the conclusion that Pedro, without water, would not dare to push on, and would turn back to Santa Maria as the nearest supply. The country was rolling and there were occasional eminences where it was possible to see a considerable distance. Professor Macomber began to manifest signs of nervousness ere they had proceeded half an hour and suddenly turned his mule toward one of these slight raises.

"What is the idea?" Captain Bill called after him.

"The idea is that probably we are a couple of imbeciles," encouragingly replied back the collector.

"Undoubtedly," the captain turned aside to ride with him. "But what is the latest manifestation?"

They were approaching the top of the little knoll.

"How do we know that Pedro did not stick around our vicinity all night and may even by this time have cut in on the natives, rescued his own horse, perhaps emptied out our own water so we can't follow, and again be blithely on his way south?" inquired the professor.

They had reached the top of the rise as he spoke. Far back on the way they had come, for it is possible to see many miles in the Lower California atmosphere, was the pack train, but it was larger than it should be. A mounted figure was distinctly discernable ere the dust of some sort of a commotion among the animals hid from the view of the watchers what was transpiring.

Without a word, Captain Bill spurred his horse into a gallop. Macomber did his best to speed up his surefooted but hardly fleet mule, and was soon left far in the rear in the dashing return to the raided pack train.

When Macomber finally reached his aimlessly wandering burros, who were browsing with no sign of their mozos in sight, he passed on to the place where the mingled prints of many animals told that the flight, if such it were, had occurred. The dark spots on the ground told all too plainly what had been done. The water of the canteens had been emptied. Anxious tho he was to press on to the assistance of Captain Haworth, Macomber was more concerned with the prospects of thirst which confronted the entire party and stopped to round up the burros. Before he had completed his task Alfredo and Enrique emerged from the bush, voluble in explanation of how Pedro Lopez had borne down upon them with brandishing gun ere their masters were out of sight and had taken his own pack horse, first turning out the water on the burros' packs.

Injunctions enforced by native oaths to which he felt it wise to sacrifice a professorial prejudice, that they this time remain with the burros if they hoped to live and that they turn toward Santa Maria was given to the frightened natives by Macomber before he rode away to seek the impetuous captain.

He had not far to go. Two miles to the south he met Captain Bill returning. First came the strange pack horse, its burden badly awry; next was Pedro Lopez, his arms tied behind him and his feet lashed under the animal's belly in approved Mexican fashion; lastly a grim Captain Bill, whose only word of greeting was:

"That d—n horse contrived to bust all the Mex's canteens in her run. And I was so dry I drank all I had in my saddle bottle before I caught the greaser. Give me a drink."

Macomber held out his own canteen.

"This is all we have to last us back to Santa Maria or on to the next water hole," he said, quietly. "The Mexican emptied ours."

Here, indeed, was a serious predicament for the little party, for they were in a dry region, far from the nearest water hole. But they had captured the culprit, and that was one good reason for rejoicing. With the absconding Mexican pleading for water they might force him to confess his reasons for deserting the American girl and his furious flight toward Campo, where she had engaged him as her guide. Pedro's story will probably be told in next week's Ledger.

* * *

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Second Ditto—My papa says my mamma's all chin.

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Sit down right now. Fill out the below coupon at once and send it in to me so that I can give it my personal attention, and I will immediately send you a pair of my **Perfect-Vision 10-Karat Gold-filled Spectacles** in a Spring-Back, Velteen lined pocket-book case by return mail with the full understanding that you do not have to keep them unless you want to, or pay one cent for the ten days' Free trial.

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This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Show you are alert and [illegible] four of the faces. Mark each with a cross (X), cut out [illegible] ment and mail it to us and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., for a beautiful free surprise present which we will send you for solving the puzzle. You will delight in owning this present!

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AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 1X, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

The White Lily Murder

(Continued From Page 14)

watchman in high tone of voice.

Clay cut him short. "Now, understand me," he interrupted, "it don't amount to much, only we've got to get this point properly cleared up, if we're to get our evidence in correctly. And I know you're anxious to do everything you can to bring the murderer to justice. So think again, Mann, and if you come to the conclusion that you didn't lock that door just at the time you thought you did—why, it won't make any difference as far as you're concerned. I'll just have to correct my report, that's all.

Mann, however, adhered to his story, until, under questioning, he admitted that it might have been as late as a quarter after 10, because he did not remember having looked at his watch at the time.

That seemed to satisfy Clay. He allowed the old couple to depart upon their homeward way. They watched them gesticulating at each other as they walked. It was clear that the old quarrel had flared up again as hotly as ever.

"Well, the—damned—old—cuss!" said Clay softly. "He don't look it! Who'd have believed it? I can see now how the kid got his distaste for that brand of religion."

After a pause he added, more to himself than to the others: "That's a smart kid he's got, all right, all right, tho. I guess it might be worth while finding out something more about that missing sister some time."

He drove Jones and Hosanna back to town, dropping the girl at the door of her boarding-house, and, with a friendly "good night," was about to re-enter his car when Jones asked him:

"By the way, Inspector, now that the time of the murder's definitely known, surely it should be possible for Mr. Goodloe to show where he was between the hours of 10 and 11 last night? Unless you claim that he was only remotely an accessory—and I understand you're holding him because of the fingerprints—such proof ought to set him at liberty."

The look on Clay's face was more contemptuously sardonic than usual. "He says he went for a walk," Clay jeered. "Just a little stroll round the town. Met nobody he knew, and didn't do nothin' in partic'lar, except just walk. Now, what d'you make of that? It's what they're all sayin'."

He climbed into his car and whirred away. Jones went to Hosanna, who was standing upon the doorstep, fingering her key.

"Did you hear that?" he asked. "What a pity it will be if Mr. Goodloe can't [illegible]."

"Oh, please—please—please don't say anything more about him, Mr. Jones!" exclaimed the girl hysterically.

And she put her key in the lock, opened the door, and disappeared inside, leaving Jones gaping at her speechlessly from the sidewalk until she had disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.

JONES, who usually reached his office a few minutes before Hosanna, got down half an hour earlier the following morning, with the determination to put in some hard work upon the diagrams. He was both disappointed and disconcerted when, two or three minutes after he had hung up his hat, Clay walked straight in.

The Inspector's face bore an expression of elation. "Mornin', Mr. Jones," he said. "Just stopped off here on my way to the X precinct station house, and took my chances of findin' you in. You might be interested to know we've picked up Ventner. Picked him up quiet as a lamb as he was goin' into his boarding-house late last night. We've got a nice little bunch of burglar's tools he had in his room, includin' a skeleton key that opens the door between Miss Martin's room and Mr. Embrich's as slick and soft as milk. That's how he got in, and I guess we've got the solution of quite a few second-story jobs that have been worryin' some of the boys at headquarters.

"He's bein' held on a charge of having a burglar's kit, but I guess he knows what we want him for. Refuses to give any account of his movements night before last, and I'm goin' to sweat him. Thought you might like to come along. Sorry I can't ask Miss Beach, but that 'd be goin' too strong."

Jones was not altogether comfortable at the prospect. Not only would he feel out of his element without Hosanna, but his forte was his charts and diagrams; the business of man-hunting interested him principally in its theoretical aspect. He was too soft-hearted a man to relish the actual contact with a criminal who was engaged in a desperate fight for life.

However, there was nothing to do but accept, and he left the office with Clay, who restricted his remarks to a few pessimistic forecasts upon the subject of the weather until they were seated side by side in the street car.

Then Clay turned his gaze upon Jones. "By the way," he began, "there's a new piece of evidence turned up this morning that may interest you. We found Mr. Embrich's will among his papers. It looks genuine enough; tho, of course, that point'll have to be decided later. But you'd be s'prised to know who he's left the bulk of his property to. Ever hear Miss Beach suggest that Mr. Embrich might be a married man?"

Jones was astounded. "Why, of course I understood that he was a bachelor!" he answered.

"Same here. But you can't never tell. That's where the old man fooled 'em. Most men have a woman in their lives that folks don't know about, and Mr. Embrich was one of 'em. Only he seems to have made her his wife.

"Miss Beach and Mr. Goodloe get his personal estate and the house between 'em, but the whole business and the property go, lock, stock and barrel, to 'my dear wife, Adelaide.' Now, who in thunder's Adelaide, I wonder?"

"Beats me," said Jones, laconically. "But, of course," he added, "I know nothing about Mr. Embrich's private affairs whatever.'

"Well, of course, I'm in the same boat as to that," Clay answered. "It looks as if she's some one he had good reasons for not telling about. Lord, it's a hell of a joke on Miss Martin!" he chuckled. "I guess the old lady had her eye on Mr. Embrich, and his property, too, for all she seems so anxious for his nephew and Hosanna.

"Lord, it makes me laugh to think how old Embrich fooled the pack of 'em. But did it strike you, Mr. Jones, that Miss Martin's mighty sweet on young Goodloe?"

"She seemed fond of him, I thought."

"Fond of him, eh? I'd call it more than that. I'd say she was in love with him. It's curious," he went on, reflectively, "how many women of that age tumble head over heels in love with young men. You didn't notice the way she kept lookin' at him, I s'pose.

"Well, that ain't my business, unless it seems to have some bearin' on the case. But, comin' back to Mr. Embrich's wife, it's mighty queer she hasn't turned up, with every paper in the State featurin' Mr. Embrich's murder. If Miss Beach don't know her, I guess Miss Martin ought to."

He lapsed into silence during the remainder of the journey. Descending from the car, they walked the short block to the station-house, and were shown into the detectives' room, where they were joined by [illegible], the precinct captain, a middle-aged man with a hook-nose and grizzled red mustache, who shook hands cordially with Jones on being introduced.

"Vintner been talkin'?" asked Clay.

"Not a word. We haven't questioned him."

"Quite right. Sure nothin' was said about what we want him for?"

"I gave those orders, and I guess they were carried out. I've had the charge of possessing burglar's tools entered on the blotter."

"That's the stuff, Cohen! But I guess we won't have any surprise to spring on him.. Well, if you're ready, I guess we'll [illegible] him in here."

Just what this new evidence—Embrich's alleged will and the development that he had married a woman to whom he left the bulk of his property—will amount to when sifted down to hard facts, remains to be seen. It surely adds a new mystery to the story, and something entirely unlooked for. And what will be Vintner's defense when called before his inquisitors? It looks dark for Vintner, of course, and possibly he is guilty of the foul crime, and the Friend girl likewise. Next week's Ledger will throw more light on this question, and possibly bring to light the dead merchant's mysterious wife, wherever she may be. Don't miss the next installment.

* * *

The Retort Courteous.

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Native—Gawsh, no! You fellers can't git thru Squashville any too quick for us.

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Pay the Postman

Wool-Flannel O. D. SHIRT

No. F-172. Made of heavy Wool Flannel, reinforced throughout. Two pockets, attached collar, cut full. An opportunity to get 2 shirts for the price of one. Send no money now. Send name and address. Sizes 14 to 18. Pay Postman $4.25 and postage when shirts arrive.

Two For $4.25

Pay Postman on Arrival

Men's Latest Dress Shoe

No. F-170. Here is a $7.00 value at a bargain price. Genuine Goodyear welt dress shoe with solid leather soles and heels, reinforced and double stitched throughout so as to insure long wear. Sizes 5½ to 12. Rush your name, and size and pay Postman $3.25 and postage on arrival.

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Women's most comfortable house shoe. Made of soft black kid, low rubber heels. Sizes 2½ to 9. Widths D. E. EE. Pay Postman...... $2.60 and postage on arrival.

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No. F-131. Built to combine style and quality. Requires no breaking in. Made of black vici kid with hand turned flexible soles, live rubber heels. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths E. EE. EEE. Rush your size, width and style number and enjoy real foot comfort at our bargain price. Pay Postman $3.95 and postage on arrival.

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No. F-171. Regular Olive Drab Shirts, 3 for $3.75. These cannot be duplicated at $2.00 apiece and are warranted to be fast color, two large pockets with button and flaps. Sizes 14 to 17. Pay Postman $3.75 and postage on arrival. 3 for $3.75

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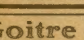

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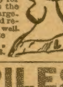

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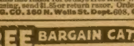

Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send $1.85 or return razor. Order Today.
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We give Guns, Watches, Cameras, Flashlights, Tool Chests and many other valuable premiums to our boys for selling our papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and "Lone Scout."

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W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 11,
500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The Sure Thing

(Concluded From Page 11)

yourself. Blow the roll.' That's the way I talked to myself."

He looked at me sheepishly, and I nodded with understanding.

"Maybe I'd ought to have knowed better," he admitted. "But writing them ads had sort of hypnotized me. I couldn't think about a thing but that Tangerine horse and them big odds she'd pay Saturday. And at first I figured I'd bet five hundred on her and clean up my five thou and get out, and then I says to myself: 'Why not get it while you're gettin'?' And so I decided to lay every cent I could raise on that bird—playing her straight and place to make it safe.

"Then I went home Thursday night and Maizie hit me for five hundred. She claimed she'd gotta have some clothes. 'Where's that thousand I slipped you?' I says; and at that she begun to cry, and I was a brute and all, and she took on amazing till I come across with the five hundred.

"That left me with only six-seven hundred, but I hocked my rocks and got some more, and Friday morning I laid my last sou with a bookie up on Forty-Second street. Twelve hundred, it was."

He lapsed into silence and for a moment I was afraid he would not go on. But after a space:

"Well, after that," he said, "nothing would do but I should run down to Bowie and see the big thing come thru. So I took all the small change in the office—and me owing my office help, at that—and hopped a rattler for Washington. I looked all over the track for my friend—the guy that owned Tangerine—before the race, but I couldn't see him. Then I wandered into the ring—they have mutual machines there, y'understand—and I see some one was playing Tangerine heavy, so I slipped my last sou on her there. That left me with just my clothes."

He paused mournfully. "I reckon you noticed what she done?" he inquired.

"She didn't win, did she?"

"No," he said. "No, she didn't win. The last I see of her, the judges were waiting for her to finish and get off the track so they could start the next race. No, she didn't win—I don't think."

A pained silence held us for a space. "Well?" I asked at last. "What then?"

"Well," he said, "several things come then.

"First I was right down-hearted. Then I remembered that Maizie had had fifteen hundred of mine in the last three weeks that she maybe hadn't absolutely spent, and I knew I could raise something on the furniture, and I begun to take hope.

"So I nicked a friend for getaway money and landed back here Monday morning, and hustled up to the flat; and I found there was a flood there. Maizie sure had the weeps bad. I forgot my own troubles and started right in to comfort her, and after a while she says: 'Oh, Al, I'm the wickedest girl. I've got a terrible confession to make.'

"I thought of a lot of things, but all I said was: 'Shoot it, kid, and you'll feel better.'

"She was talking into my coat sleeve. 'I've l-lost all your money, Al,' she says.

"'You can lost anything I got, Hon,' I tells her.

"'But oh, Al,' she says, 'I was going to have such a surprise for you!'

"Well, she had one, all right. She goes on: 'I was going to make so much money, and surprise you so.'

"I begun to feel a little chilly back o' the neck. 'How was you plannin' to do all this?' I says.

"She cried harder than ever for a minute. Then she says: 'I bet it on a horse race,' she says. 'I bet it on a horse!'

"I knew then what was coming. 'What was the horse?' I says. 'What do you know about horses, anyway?'

"'I don't know anything,' she tells me at that. 'But I saw in the paper where for five dollars a man would tell you a horse that was going to win. So I sent him five dollars, and he sent me the horse's name, and I bet on it, and it lost.'

"I had to promise I'd forgive her before she'd tell me the horse's name. It was Tangerine. She'd even borrowed on the furniture to bet on that horse."

We smoked in silence for a while, and then I smiled. "Well, Al, just one thing I don't see. Why didn't Tangerine win?"

He grimaced. "Oh, that!" he exclaimed. "That's easy. I met my pal that owns her, after the race, and I put it up to him. He grinned. 'Oh,' he says, 'I was going to put her over, but one of these tipsters in the Aerograph got hold of the good thing and sent her out all over the country, and the track was flooded with money from the bookies in New York and Boston. So the odds went to smash. I won't let that horse win at less than 10-1—so I had my jock choke her off a bit. That'll teach these tipsters a lesson,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, 'it will.' And then I nicked him for getaway money. Didn't I have a right to?"

"Well, Al," I confessed, after a space of silent musing, "if it's any comfort to you I fell for your ads, too. I paid five bucks for your information. And I had fifty on Tangerine myself."

The information seemed miraculously to restore the former optimism of my friend Al Hayes. His eye lighted with a fatherly light, and he tapped my knee. "Bo," he told me, "take my word for it. The only sure thing about horse racing is that there ain't no permanent way of winning money on 'em."

And I saw that Al fully believed he was right.

* * *

"Come, Let's Go!"

There's a stretch of open country—
Some kind hearts forget to post it—
Prairie land and fringing timber,
That I know—
With the cornfield in the bottom
Where a crooked creek meanders,
And the farmer's face is friendly—
Come, let's go!

There's a field of old wheat stubble
And a patch of tempting buckwheat,
There's a tangle of green briers
Safe for fur—
Where the pointer or the setter
Might forget his education
And adopt the common manners
Of the cur.

There's a white-and-liver pointer
Who has passed a fretful summer—
Whirring wings have stirred his slumbers—
That I know.
He has trailed unbroken covies,
In his sleep he pointed singles—
Now his eye is on his master—
Come, let's go!

—Harry C. January.

* * *

Calling a Halt.

"Six marriages will be about enough, kid," said the movie magnate to Viola Vampire.

"But——"

"I know you love your public, but you can't possibly marry all of it."

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.
—Adv.

HEALTH IS VITAL!

HERE IS HOW TO TAKE PROPER CARE OF IT.

Urbana, Ill.—"As a laxative I have found Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to give excellent results and in a very mild manner. They also give quick relief in cases of indigestion. I recommend the Pleasant Pellets highly as a good home remedy for stomach disorders and liver ailments."—Mrs. Eva Kuder, 1302 University Ave.

Constipation is at the root of most ailments. You can avoid half the ills in life by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Your neighborhood druggist has them in small vials, convenient to carry—easy to take. Price 25c.

Is That Cold and Cough Hanging On?

YOU will be convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery does just what it is meant to do—soothes cough-raw throats, congestion-tormented chests, loosens the phlegm pack and breaks the obstinate cold and grippe attack, relieves the congestion in the head. No harmful drugs, therefore good for children as well as grownups.

Right away you will notice the change for the better. Has a convincing, healing taste that you will appreciate. Buy a bottle at any druggists on the way home to-night, 60c.

Dr. King's New Discovery
For Colds and Coughs

Lazy People, Lazy Bowels. Don't neglect constipation. It undermines the health, takes all vim out of you. Dr. King's Pills will invigorate the system, stir up the liver, move the bowels. All druggists, 25c.

PROMPT! WON'T GRIPE
Dr. King's Pills

STANDARD TIRES
LESS THAN ½ Price

Send No Money

Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost in two and get a reliner with each tire FREE. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and Your Money Back if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 5,000 miles. So sure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not sewed together tires known as the double tread and reconstructed tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	34x4	$ 8.50	$2.50
30x3	5.25	1.50	32x4½	9.50	2.75
30x3½	6.25	1.60	34x4½	9.25	2.95
32x3½	6.75	1.75	35x4½	9.65	3.15
31x4	7.75	1.95	36x4½	9.95	3.25
32x4	7.95	2.25	35x5	10.50	3.45
33x4	8.25	2.40	37x5	10.75	3.65

Remember, a reliner Free with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return goods at our expense. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

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Send us $12.50 on nearest express office and we will ship you this wonderful outfit consisting of One 40-pound New FEATHER BED, One Pair of 6-lb. New FEATHER PILLOWS, and One Pair full size BED BLANKETS or BED SPREAD. All new, clean, sanitary feathers, best 8-ounce A. C. A. feather-proof ticking. Positively biggest bargain offered by any one. About half store price. Sold on our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Mail Money Order today. Our Bargain Catalog mailed FREE.
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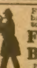

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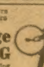

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All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to try this treatment—that's all—just try it. That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I served four years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and five years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over twenty thousand Men Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne, have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

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Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be proof.

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Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—the National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Guaranteed. Three sizes, all druggists.

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A Doll You Will Love To Own

Here she is—Dainty Marie—just the cutest little doll you have ever seen. She has beautiful blue eyes, rosy cheeks and real hair, golden brown, which falls in natural ringlets. This is not a doll to be stuffed, but is a real doll, over 15 inches tall, jointed at the shoulders and hips and completely dressed even to bonnet, socks and slippers.

Now here is the best part of all. Aunt Susan who loves little girls and their dolls, is going to give away a lot of these beautiful dolls without one cent of cost. She has a fine plan whereby each little girl who wants a doll may have one by doing Aunt Susan a little favor in her spare moments. Write Aunt Susan today for her plan and get one of these dear little dolls.

AUNT SUSAN, 819 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple home treatment based on the use of STERILTONE, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in overcoming constitutional weaknesses. Every woman who wants to live a normal happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what STERILTONE is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to her. Read this little book which is sent without charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It unfolds facts that most women never have had explained to them. Simply send name today to Dr. H. Will Elders, 103 Wena Building, St. Joseph, Mo.

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Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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Address ....
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For Ledger Girls and Boys

JERRY AND JIMMY

"JERRY-Y-Y-Y! Jimmy-y-y!"

"There's nurse calling us for bed," and Jerry gave a vicious clutch at a clump of grass.

"Ugh!" said Jimmy. "Don't let's answer. She'll never find us here."

"Every night she makes it earlier," grumbled Jerry. "How can a fellow go to bed when the sun's shining like anything. We're not babies like Toddy and Tiny."

"Jimmy-y-y-y! Jerry-y-y-y!"

Jimmy rolled over with a smothered giggle and Jerry clapped his hand over his mouth as they watched Nurse go slowly down the path and cross the road. "She's gone over to Charlie's to look for us. Now's our time! I've got a great idea for a spree," said Jerry, who was always the leader in mischief. "Follow me and crawl over the grass."

They made their way slowly, back of the barn, to a dividing fence.

"Are we going there?" asked Jimmy, excitedly.

"Yup! You know how often we've planned it, and now's our chance. I found a big hole in the hedge the other day, so come on."

They crawled thru to the next garden, a wilderness of flowers and weeds. In the distance they could see the windows of the house, tightly shuttered and closed, for no one had lived there since before they were born, and it had always been a place of mystery and delight to them. They followed the weed-grown path toward the house, looking round them curiously.

"Be careful!" cried Jerry, suddenly.

Jimmy started back nervously.

"You nearly stepped on that caterpillar!" Looking down Jimmy saw just at his feet, a long silvery, curly caterpillar. He stepped over it carefully, for both boys loved all living creatures and would not willingly harm one. "I'm glad you're not cruel! What did you say?" asked Jerry. "I didn't say anything," said Jimmy staring.

"I did, tho!" said a voice, that seemed to come from below.

Looking down, they saw a beautiful butterfly just where the caterpillar had been. "You saved my life and I certainly am grateful. I wonder if you would like to see Butterfly-land? Of course, I know you ran away from Nurse, but I don't think you will do that again, after you have been with me. It isn't always as much fun as it seems, you know. Will you come?"

Jimmy shook his head, but Jerry held his hand tight and said:

"Yes, please! Come along, Jimmy! Here's a spree!"

"Well! Pick a leaf of that bush!" showing them one with large blue berries. "That is our 'Ticket-Bush.' Every leaf is a ticket for Butterfly-land. Pick one, say this verse as you hold it, with your eyes closed:

"Ticket-leaf!—ticket-leaf; in my hand
Take us, please, to Butterfly-land."

Holding hands tightly, they obeyed. "Count ten and open your eyes."

And they did indeed open their eyes—in wonder—as they gazed around them. On every side were the most beautiful flowers they had ever seen, on which were swaying butterfly sprites of all sizes and colors.

"This is our parlor, as you would call it," said their friend, "where we meet to have a good time, and in here—is our dining-room," leading the way unto a long narrow space, down the center of which grew a long row of tall white lilies.

"I don't see anything to eat!" said Jerry.

"Oh, yes. In those lily cups the 'housekeepers' gather the honey and flower juices we love. We all take turns to be 'housekeepers,' as they are called. But here—is our 'Punishment-Room.' "

They were now in a very large place, and all around them were Butterfly-sprites. Occupied in different ways and all looking dreadfully tired and unhappy. This seemed surprising, as they were not doing anything that seemed disagreeable.

"Disobedience is a great sin here, and you can see how we try to cure it. This little one"—pointing to a sad looking butterfly sprite, who was swinging on what appeared to be a lovely swing—"refused to stop swinging when she was told, so she has to go on swinging—swinging—all day, tired as she is. That one over there, hid away when called, rather like some boys I know. Here she is peeping out, longing to be found, but nobody will seek her now, and she is sick enough of it by this time, I can tell you."

Jerry and Jimmy looked at each other guiltily.

"I'm glad we haven't any place like this," muttered Jimmy.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad if you had."

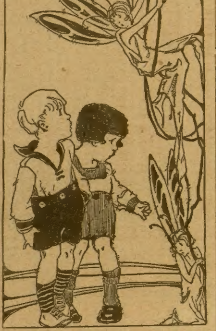
"Why?" asked Jerry.

"Well! Just think for a moment how your Mother and Nurse are hunting for you and worrying about you."

"That is so," said Jerry, slowly. "Please, I think we'll go home."

"I think you're right. But any time you'd like to come again, just go to the 'Ticket-Bush,' like you did today. But now close your eyes and say:

" 'Ticket-leaf, take us back home, I pray.
We'll visit the Butterflies some other
day.' "



"That One Refused to Stop Swinging When She Was Told."

In a few minutes they were back in the old garden, on their way home.

"I'd love to go there again," said Jimmy, who had suddenly got very brave.

"So we will, but now we must go straight to Mother and tell her all about it."

Many times after this Jimmy and Jerry tried to find the "Ticket-Bush," but were never able to do so.

What Could You Expect?

THE girl temporarily hired to help out during mother's illness has just left. During her stay 5-year-old Clara absorbed with interest many of the details of housework, in fact, had been of material assistance in such ways as setting the table, helping with the dishes, etc.

When Mary quit unexpectedly, the housework got behind and little Clara voluntarily set about to straighten things out, and that night met father at the door when he came home from work, saying:

"Come right on out to the table, daddy, everything's all ready. Mother's feeling better an' you must eat the supper I got for you."

After viewing the bread at a 45-degree angle, cold potatoes from the previous night, and other things which Clara had gathered for the royal repast, father said:

"Well, my little girl is right on the job, eh? We'll never miss Mary, will we? That's just fine, honey; daddy knows you will look out for him, all right, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Clara, then coyly: "Dad, how much do you think you ought to pay me?"

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

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AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, GARAGEMEN, mechanics, repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

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PHOTOPLAY STORIES WANTED

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POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5 monthly. Buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S., Carthage, Mo.

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W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

OIL GAUGE FOR FORDS. REMARKABLE new invention. Sells on sight. Big profits, easy. Exclusive distributors wanted. Address Sales Mgr., 914 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

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SELL FORD ACCESSORY—ADJUSTABLE controller and lock; holds Ford in road, relieves driving strain, locks car when stopped, prevents accident and theft; attaches to steering wheel in 3 minutes; costs you 50 cents, sells for $2.50. Ten sales daily makes you $120 weekly. Write today for complete information or send 60 cents for sample and start your big earning immediately. Triumph Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

BIG MONEY FOR AGENTS, CREW MANAGERS, salesmen. Write at once for particulars regarding the quick selling "Common-Sense" electric iron. Big money can be made. Every home needs an iron. We have several plans which sell these irons. Write for details today. Address Corporation Appliance Company, Household Department 11, 538 South Dearborn street, Chicago.

AGENTS SELL THE FIVE-IN-ONE WRINGER mop; just out. A sanitary mop, mop stick, scrub brush, scraper and adjustable mop wringer combined; operates exactly like a clothes wringer; over 150% profit; guaranteed for three years; agents coining money; highly endorsed; best agents proposition; let us prove it to you. Write Five-In-One Mfg. Co., Inc., Worcester, Mass.

WE PAY $10 A DAY FOR GOOD LIVE hustlers taking orders for Insyde Tires inner armor for automobile tires. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. Prevents punctures and blowouts. Enormous demand. Low priced. Big opportunity for the right man. Write quick for territory. American Accessories Co., B 413, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Continental Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME—LARGE MANUFACTURER of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILLOW tops, luminous crucifix, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, waterproof aprons, gold window letters. Lowest prices, prompt shipments, 30 days' credit. Samples, catalog, free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk M-2, Chicago.

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AGENTS—ARE MAKING 100% PROFIT selling our goods. Experience not necessary. It costs you nothing to start as we furnish you with free samples. Write today—quick—now. W. T. Startzman, 301 Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

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LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

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AGENTS MAKE $72 A WEEK BY SELLING 4 average Cresco raincoats a day. Outfit free. No delivering. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 171, Ashland, O.

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MALE HELP WANTED—(Continued)

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BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

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LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home; large mail order firms; spare time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.

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WOMEN AGENTS SELL SCHOLL'S SANITARY specialties and waterproof aprons. Wonderful seller. Liberal commissions. Scholl Rubber Products, Dept. B, 2798 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

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INVEST SAFELY IN QUICK MONEY MAKING proposition. Could you invest $100 if satisfied of large profits? Write for inside information free. Let me guide you to financial independence. Cunningham Investment Guide, 425 Grant Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 632 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

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I WANT MEN TO GO IN 50-50 WITH ME and drill an oil well in this great wonder field. Chas. Lockhart, 418 East Elm St., El Dorado, Ark.

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WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Riss Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

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WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; IF you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, and ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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PERSONAL—(Continued)

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A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIALIST, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information; send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN—TWENTY DAYS' TREATMENT FREE. If you are in a weak, despondent, run-down, nervous condition, write today. Bona fide offer. American Laboratories Co., Box 504, Nashville, Tennessee.

WHY LIVE SINGLE, PEOPLE IN ALL walks of life wants companion; be a husband or wife, make home happy. On request for list. Give your description. Social Club, Box 781, Elreno, Okla.

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THOUSANDS OBTAINED BEAUTY, GOOD health and success. Why not you? Write today Christ-practic, 6296 Winthrop, Chicago.

RANCHER, WORTH $100,000, WANTS WIFE. Ladies, write. (J-W), Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

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MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—THOUSANDS; WORTH $5,000 TO $400,000; list free. Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco, Cal.

GENTLEMEN, 35, WORTH $75,000, WANTS wife. Q-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WEALTHY LADY, 47, WANTS HUSBAND. M-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

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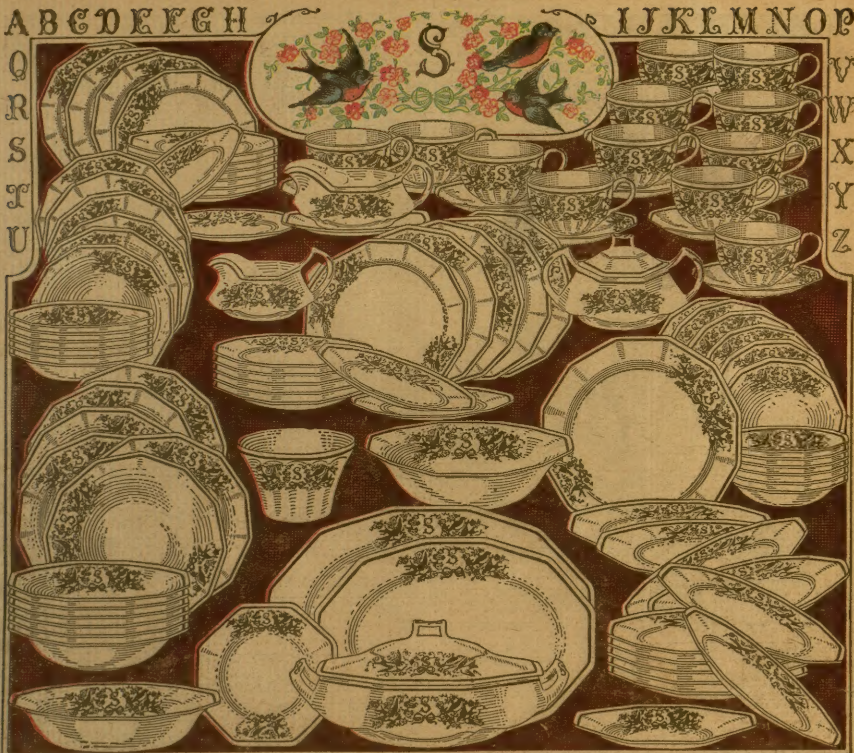
In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Reward for the address of M. A. McLaren, formerly testing engineer State highway, Illinois. Write Lori Haga, Greencastle, Ind.



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A wonderful, exclusive bargain for Straus & Schram customers. A dinner set which combines the exquisite Bluebird design, the emblem of happiness, with the distinctive monogram, all woven together with a harmonious floral pattern in pink, green and lavender. Lovely blue border on each piece. Popular Colonial shape. ***Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze.*** That splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay before firing and gives that indestructible, snow-white glaze.

Your Own Initial on Every Piece—FREE

Yes, we will furnish you this set with your choice of any initial in the distinctive shaded Puritan letter on every one of the 110 pieces—and no extra charge! This wonderful dinner set is yours for only $1.00 down and $2.70 a month; $29.90 in all. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE!

This set is guaranteed first quality, standard pattern. Replacements may be secured from us for three years.

30 Days' Trial

Just $1.00 with the coupon brings you this set for 30 days use in your own home. Our guarantee protects you. If not satisfied after 30 days, return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00, plus any freight or express charges you paid.

Easy Payments

If satisfied, pay balance of rock-bottom price on small monthly payments. ***Almost a year to pay!*** We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D. Easy terms on everything in our bargain catalog.

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Dept. 3538, W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set, No. G6702A. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the set I will pay $2.70 monthly, $29.90 in all. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid

State Initial desired. (One letter only) ....

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Street, R. F. D. or Box No. ....

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If You Only Want Catalog, Put X in Box Below:

☐ Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

Cut Price—Send Now

Rock-bottom price now. Lowest since before the war. So send the coupon at once with only $1.00 and we will ship this complete 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set at once to you on 30 days' trial. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, talking machines, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel; all sold on easy terms. Send coupon today.

A Complete Service for 12 People

This Splendid Set Consists of:

12 dinner plates, 9 in.
12 breakfast plates, 7 in.
12 coupe soups, 7½ in.
12 fruit saucers, 5¾ in.
12 cups
12 saucers
12 oatmeal dishes, 6 in.
12 bread and butter plates, 6 in.
1 platter, 11½ in.
1 platter, 13¾ in.
1 gravy boat
1 gravy boat stand
1 covered vegetable dish, (2 pieces)
1 oval open vegetable dish, 8½ in.
1 round vegetable dish, 8¾ in.
1 bowl, 1-pint
1 sugar bowl and cover, (2 pieces)
1 cream pitcher
1 pickle dish
1 butter dish, 7½ in.

This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Wt. packed about 100 lbs.

Order by G6702A. Send $1.00 with order, $2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $29.90. No. C. O. D. No discount for cash.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3538, West 35th Street CHICAGO ILL.